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according to the adage
MAKE FINE BIRDS

but you can take this statement with a grain of salt, so far as it refers to the human biped. What we really admire most in man or woman is the natural charm that springs from Health alone. This real beauty is due to perfect digestion, pure blood, and the proper supply and distribution of nervous force.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

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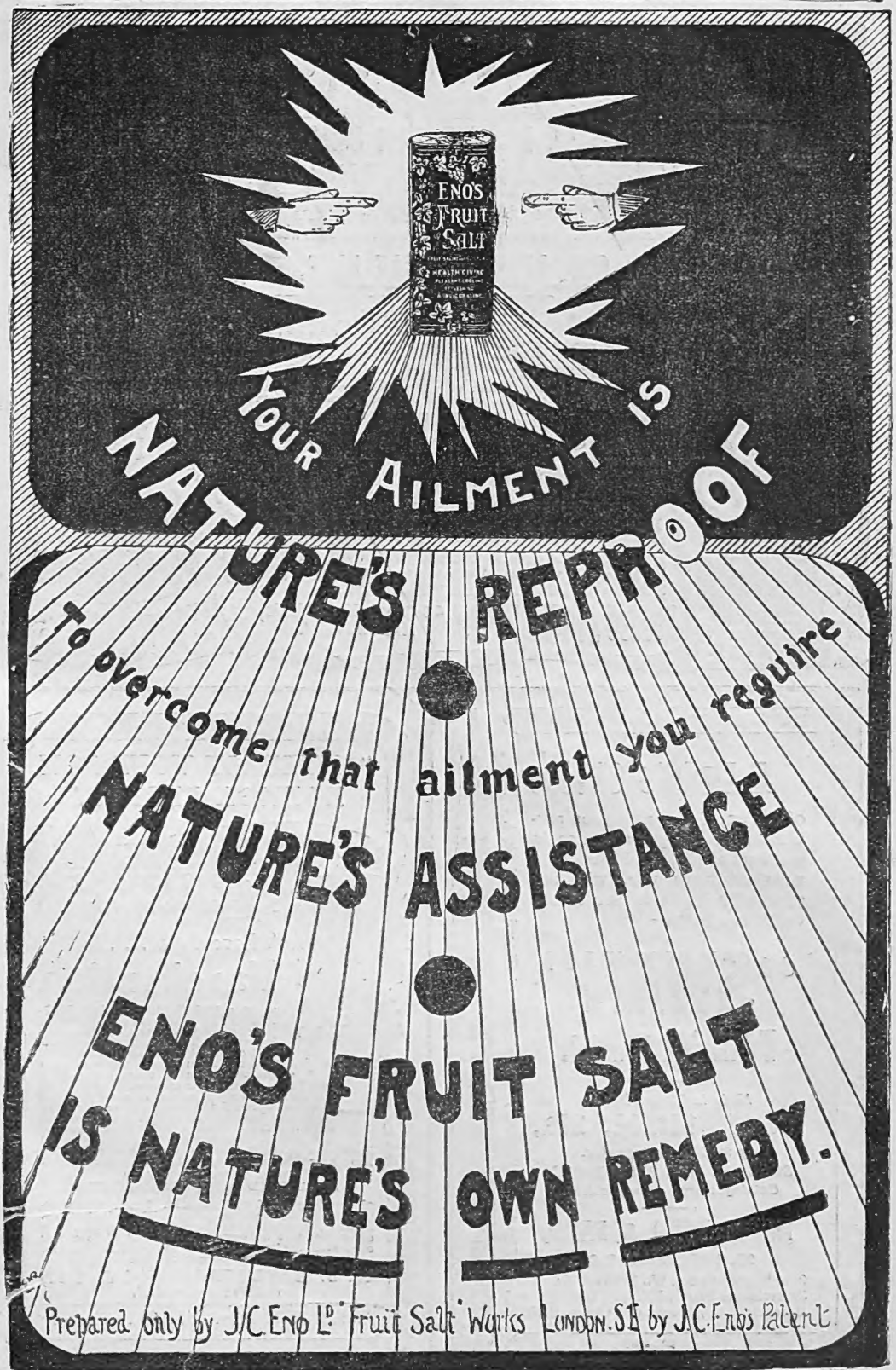
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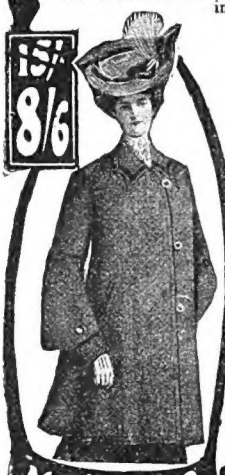
15/ 8/6



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OUR LEADING SALE LINE.

3,050 **SERVICEABLE BODICE COSTUMES** (as sketch), left on our hands only because we could not find space to show them in our Winter Catalogues. Not old stock, but fashionably made in good-wearing Black or Navy **Serge**, and in special quality **Homespun**, in Dark Grey, Blue Grey, Fawn, and fashionable Brown Mixtures. Bodice has pointed yoke, new season's fashionable sleeves, and box-pleated front as sketch. Yoke and sleeves lined. In stock sizes only. Made to sell at **10/6**, though worth **15/-**. **Reduced to 8/11** (carr. 6d. extra). Every penny returned if order received too late. Mention **Model 386** and give measurements.

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Made in Three Sizes at

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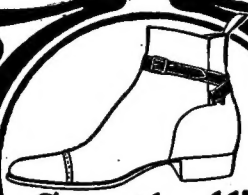

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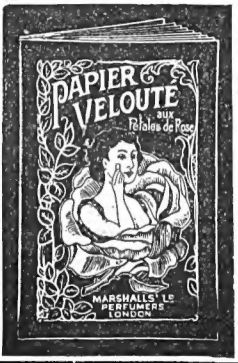

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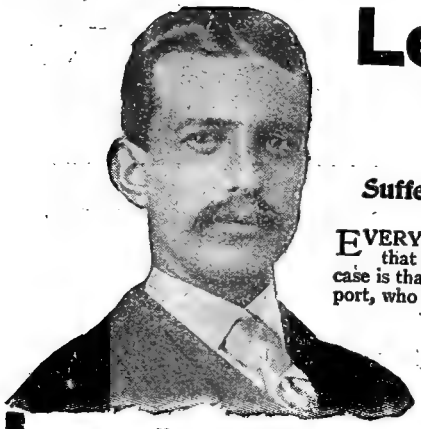

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White, Brown, or Black.	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
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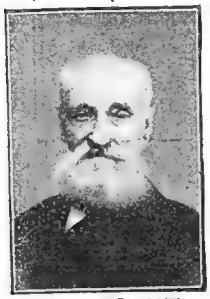

MR. CHAS. LIMRICK. (From photo.)

MR. CHAS. LIMRICK (writing from Liverpool) says: "I have suffered with rheumatism in my feet, knees, and arms for the last ten years, sometimes being completely crippled and scarcely able to walk. I applied your Drafts according to directions, and the RESULT WAS WONDERFUL. The pain left and my limbs were as supple as a young fellow, and I was so much better that I feel I could not be any better. I am 70 years of age."

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	65	"	"	" " 1 " "	
3 " "	50	"	"	" " 2 " "	or
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6 " "	100	"	"	" " 2 " "	or
	150	"	"	" " 1 " "	

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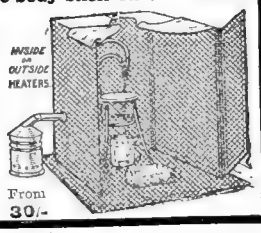

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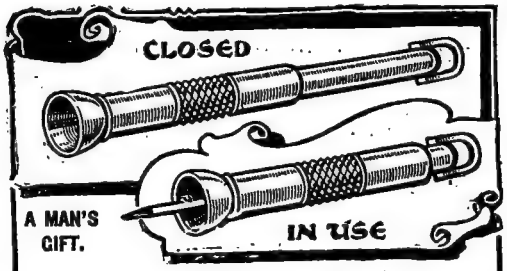

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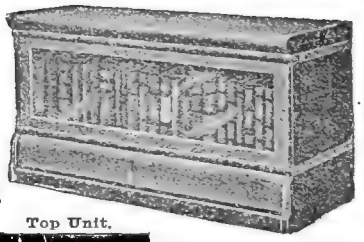

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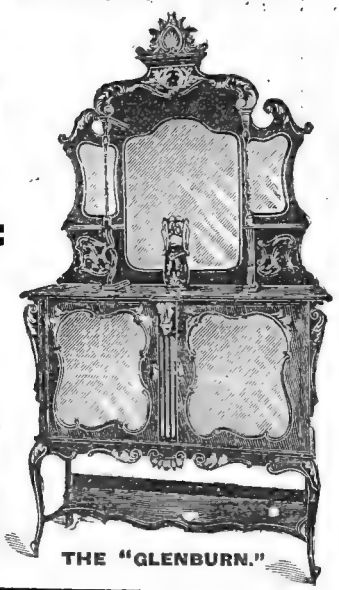

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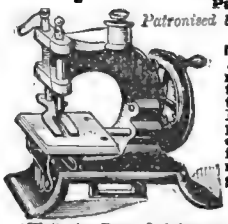

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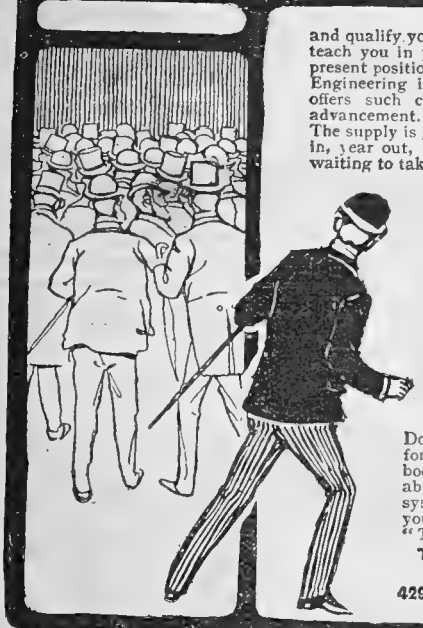

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It can be adopted without any interference with the daily occupation, being essentially a "home treatment."

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I have pleasure in stating that I can testify to the accuracy of the above statement. A. P. SCRASE, *J.P. for Sussex.*

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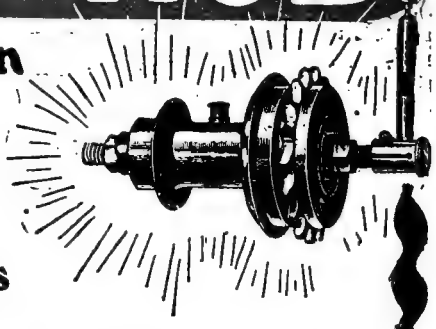

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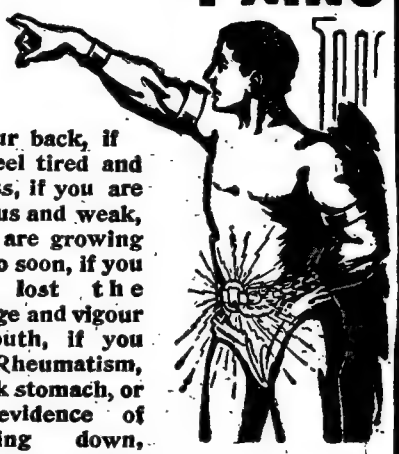

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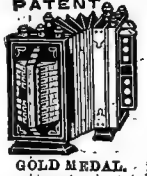

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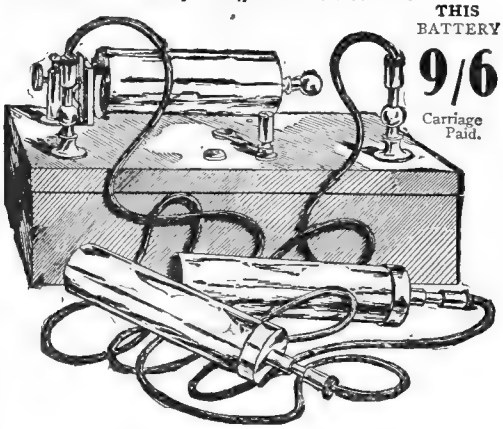

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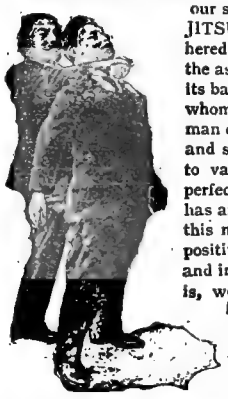

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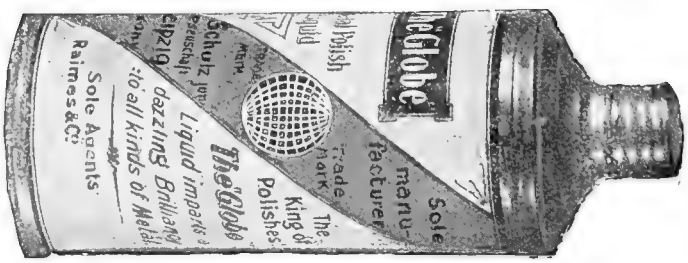

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Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

Mr. Thomson, 21 Glenview Terrace, Paisley, writes: "Truly wonderful effect of Tablets on my wife. She had splitting headaches and alarming increase in weight, but both have disappeared through your miraculous Tablets. Also our servant took them with astonishing benefit, losing exactly 14lb. in 2 weeks. I recommended them wherever the opportunity occurs."

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. Thos. Blakely, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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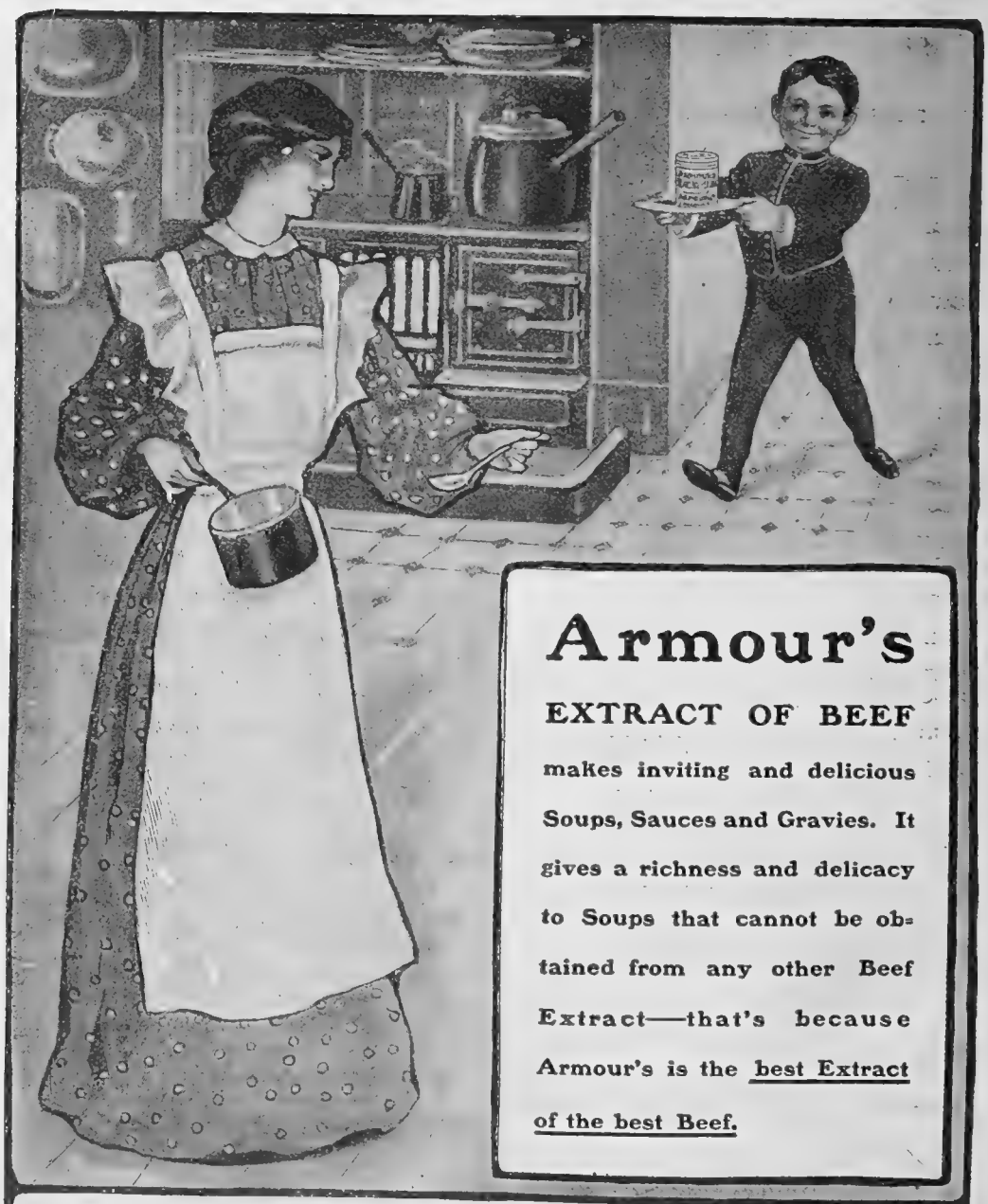

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From a Photo.

A Peep Behind the Scenes.

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"A COQUETTE."

After the painting by Abel Faivre.

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FROM THE STALLS

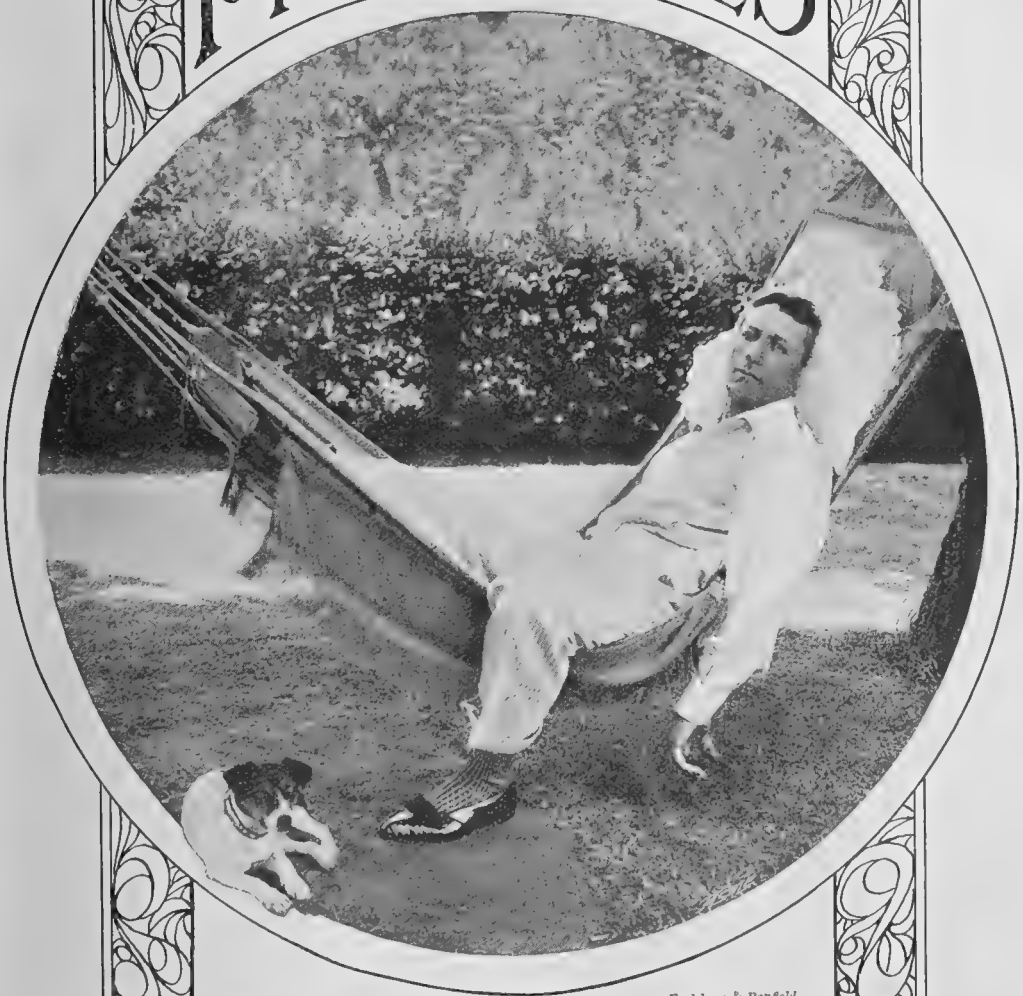

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

LEWIS WALLER.

Popularity has its drawbacks. Lewis Waller, one morning, found his drawing-room full of unknown ladies, who cried out: "Oh, Mr. Waller, please, we want your autograph!"

But there are amusing incidents as well. Lewis Waller played the Duke of Buckingham at His Majesty's Theatre, and was killed halfway through the piece. One night, at the fall of the curtain, cries were raised for the favourites, and "Waller—Waller" was heard from all sides. Mr. Tree announced that the favourite actor had left the theatre. But all the time he was in the stalls in unobtrusive evening dress.

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Photo *Bassano.*

PHYLLIS and ZENA DARE.

While Phyllis is an old hand, and an actress of some years' standing, Zena, the elder of the two, is, comparatively speaking, a beginner. She began by understudying her younger sister Phyllis. But that young lady was so healthy that Miss Zena didn't have a look in at all.

So the management, ever ready to help, said: "Never mind, you shall understudy someone else." And so she did, but she never got beyond understudying; and left the stage, at the end of the piece, a disappointed woman of twelve! That was some years ago Zena Dare is now a leading lady, and an important personage.

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Photos Hana.

HARRY RANDALL.

When Harry Randall, at present the chief attraction of Drury Lane, was quite a little boy, he used to have a clear treble voice, and successively sang in the choirs of several churches, finally appearing at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

But he was so small that his cassock was always too long for him, and he had to hold it up under his arms as he walked up the aisle, to the secret amusement of the congregation

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ISABEL JAY

Motor cars vary—we almost said 'mostly for the worse,' but the motor authorities would have run us down if we had said that. However, motors *do* vary. Miss Isabel Jay told a contemporary lately that she and her family started one evening from a Kentish watering-place for town and supper *per* motor, a run of four or five hours. First there was the rain, cisterns and oceans of it. Then the lamps wouldn't light. Then—of course they were six miles from anywhere—the motor went on strike. Miss Jay doesn't seem to have appreciated the beautiful sunrise. But the supper—at breakfast time next morning—was eaten with relish.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

ADA REEVE

Ada Reeve fought George Edwardes once in the Law Courts victoriously That night both litigants supped respectively at the Carlton George Edwardes was asked to inscribe his name in the autograph book. So he wrote "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still" Ada Reeve saw the book, and wrote underneath "George, ditto, ditto, ditto.' The distinguished manager, seeing the book again, came over and joined the pretty actress in a mutual toast.

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

VESTA TILLEY.

Miss Vesta Tilley is a most popular actress and singer She tells how uncertain a thing one's memory is. She had sung a particular song, "John and Mary," every night for three months in a pantomime. Then she went to one of the "halls" in the same town, and came on, at the universal request of management and audience, to sing the favourite "John and Mary.' The audience clapped, and—but Vesta Tilley had quite forgotten the words.

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Photo *A. Yallop.*

MRS. BROWN POTTER and the VICAR OF GORLESTON.

Mrs. Brown Potter is a charming and a very beautiful woman, ever ready to help in new schemes. She produced, a month or two ago, a play called "Church and Stage," by the Vicar of Gorleston, the Rev. Forbes Phillips.

In Hong Kong once Mrs. Brown Potter was richly entertained by Li Hung Chang, the menu consisting, amongst other delicacies, of boiled puppy dog and a venerable egg—a hundred years old, and quite black.

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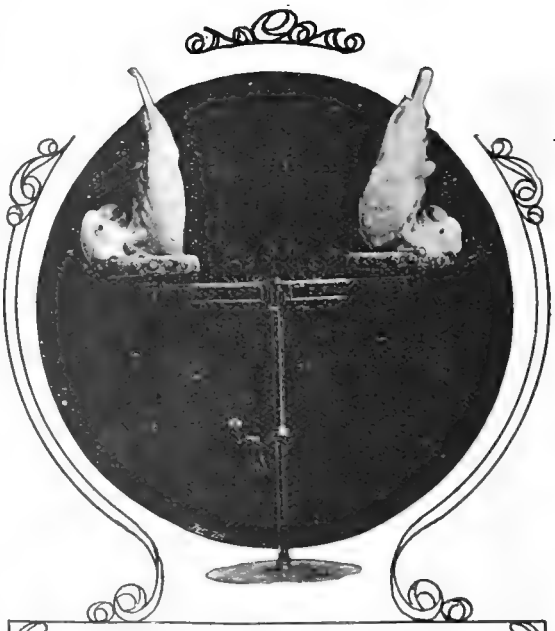
A tight-rope performance. The parrots enter into the spirit of the same heartily.



Parrots are not very easy to train, but, once trained, can balance themselves perfectly in any position.

MADAME - - BELLONINI'S - PERFORMING - PARROTS. - -

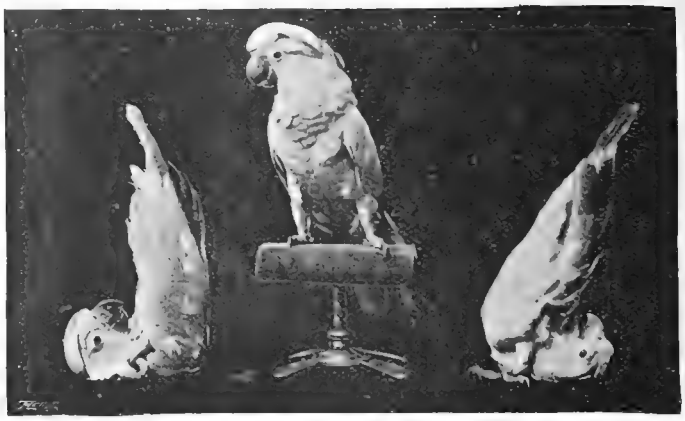


Photo LANGFIER.

Parrots do not seem to care for standing on their feet when they can assume the topsy turvy position.

If lions and tigers and snakes can be tamed, why not parrots? Madame Bellonini, who has so successfully trained a little team of parrots, declares that personal magnetism is the one point to consider. The birds must be attracted to the personality of the trainer. Then, too, the birds must teach each other. An entirely fresh set of parrots would be terribly slow learners. Each new comer learns from the old hands. But the parrots can do wonderful things. They ride bicycles on a tight-rope, one pedalling and the other hanging underneath. They stand on their heads, and on their necks, and on everything but their feet. One amusing bird climbs up a flight of stairs, and back-somersaults himself down again.

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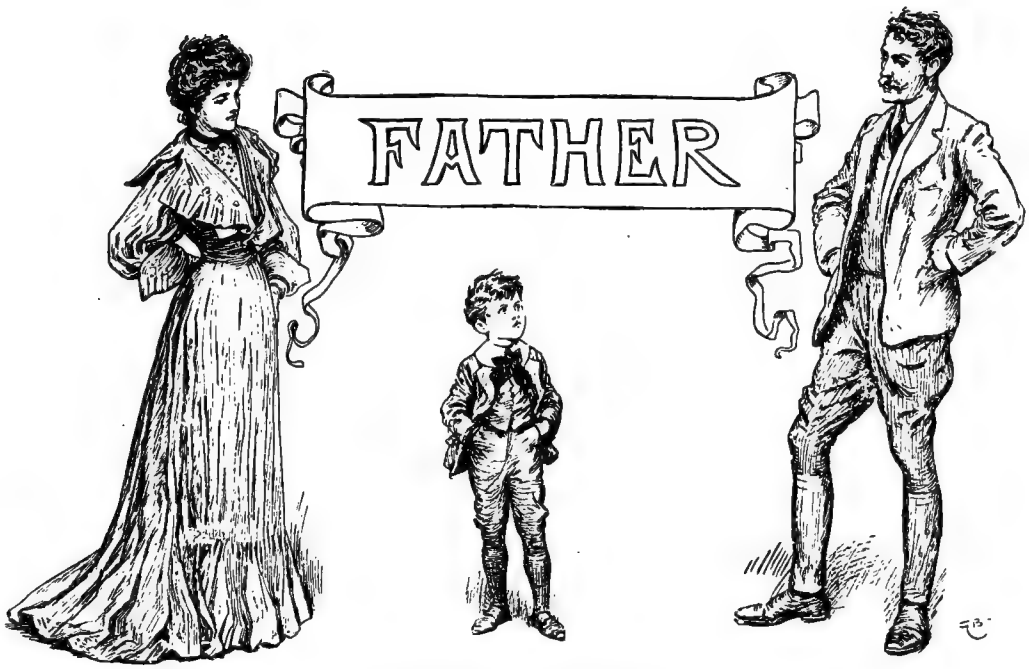

The Story of a Stepmother.

By Owen Oliver.

Father kept saying funny things the night before he went to South Africa, and he made mother and Sonney laugh a great deal. Sometimes they laughed so much that they had to run away and cry. They did not run away together, because mother was a step-mother, and they only made out that they were good friends to please father.

They weren't bad friends exactly. They pretended to themselves that they hated one another; but that wasn't true.

Mother was fond of all naughty little boys, and Sonney was certainly little and naughty. She would have liked him very much if father had not liked him quite so much.

Sonney was fond of pretty young ladies, and mother was undoubtedly pretty and young. He would have been in love with her in a boy's way, if father had not loved her in the way of a man. As it was, mother was very, very kind to Sonney, and Sonney was quite polite to mother; but they were furiously jealous of one another. There was room enough in father's heart for both of them, if they had understood, but they did not know how big a man's heart is.

When Sonney came back, whistling to show how cheerful he was, he found mother right inside father's arms; and this hurt him. When mother came back with a smile that wavered about the lips, she found Sonney on father's knee, and this hurt her. She lingered beside them, and just touched father's arm; but Sonney grabbed at the arm and scowled at her. She felt for a moment as she knew she ought not to feel towards a child. but she met the scowl with another smile.

Sonney would have preferred her to look angry. He thought she only smiled at him to please father, and she knew what he thought. She had a short, internal struggle, and her sweetness conquered. She *was* sweet, and it was hard work not to like her. That was what annoyed Sonney most.

"You will put him to bed yourself to-night, Dick," she suggested; "won't you? Poor old Sonney! I must try to make up for father when he is gone."

She laid her hand gently on Sonney's head, but he drew himself away and almost snarled at her. That she should think she could make up for father! It was the crowning insult to his mind, and he resolved that, when father was gone, he would be as bad as he could be. He could be pretty bad he knew. Everybody called him a naughty boy, except father. Father always remembered that he was only nine; and you can't be very good when you are nine and a boy.

So father took him to bed, instead of Mary,

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and had a game with the engine on rails, that he had bought as a farewell present, before Sonney undressed. Then he sat on the end of the bed, and they talked about the lessons that Sonney had promised to take special pains with while father was away, and the treats that he was to have when father came home. Last of all they talked about mother; at least, father talked about her.

"There's one thing that you can do for me, old man," he said, "I want you to look after mother. You'll be the man of the house, you see, and she won't have anyone else to stand up for her. Everything nice that you do for her will be something nice done for me. Remember that, old chap. God bless you, my little man—my little man!"

Father paused at the foot of the stairs for a few seconds, before he went into the dining-room. It seemed minutes to mother, who was waiting just inside the door. She had been waiting there all the time.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried. "Dear old Dick! I am so greedy over you. I didn't want to take you from him, only—I meant you to think I was quite cheerful, but—I didn't cry very much, Dick. You won't let it make you unhappy, will you?"

Father put his arm round her and kissed her.

"No, dear," he said. "It will make me happy to think that you cared enough to cry; but I don't want to think that you keep on crying after I am gone. A year isn't long after all, and it will soon pass. I wanted to be with you too, little girl, all the time I was upstairs, only the little chap will miss me so. He's a crotchety little fellow, I know; but he doesn't mean to be naughty, and perhaps when you know him better——"

He paused and looked at her, and she held the sides of his coat, and looked up at him a trifle reproachfully.

"Of course I will be good to Sonney," she said. "There is no need to ask that, Dick. He is a dear little boy, and his only fault is that he loves his father so much! It—it isn't easy to help loving you, Dick, you—you know." Her voice almost broke, but she steadied it bravely. "You shall come back and find us the best of friends," she assured him.

Then father said that she had cheered him, as she always did, and really a year was only a short time; and she said it was a *very* short time, and it was ridiculous to make a fuss over it, and she was going to be brave.

She *was* brave the next morning, when father went away in the railway 'bus, and so was Sonney. They stood on the steps waving their hands, but just before the 'bus turned the corner Sonney made a choking sound, and mother picked him up and kissed him, and father saw.

Sonney rubbed off the kiss as he ran upstairs, but he could not rub off the memory of it. If mother had gone in to him while he lay on his little bed with his little face rammed between the pillows and kissed him again, their troubles would have been over. Unfortunately she saw him rub off the kiss, and the memory of that remained with her. It made no difference in her kindness to him; only it made this difference, that she was kind to him for his father's sake, more than for his own.

At first Sonney also tried, in his way, to be kind to mother. He went to church with her on Sunday morning, and carried her books. He placed her chair at the table, as he had seen father do. He turned a dutiful cheek to be kissed before he went to bed. He washed the kiss off with soap afterwards. She knew that he would.

During the first week Sonney did nothing very dreadful; only broke a few things and tied a tin can to the cat's tail, and put a few candles through the wringer. Mother smiled inwardly when she remonstrated with him about them. They were quite natural things, she considered, for a little boy to do, and quite natural things for his elders to object to. But Sonney took it into his queer little head that she only pretended to overlook them, and would tell father about them when she wrote.

So he decided that it was no use trying to be good at home, and that, if he did well at school, father would know that the fault at home wasn't his but hers. He had a good mind to put this in his letter to father, but he thought perhaps it would be sneakish; and, besides, a lie looks a lie when you write it down on paper, and at the bottom of his heart he knew that mother *was* good to him.

The next week his misdeeds were innumerable. In particular, he made a raiding expedition into Mr. Crustiman's orchard; and Mr. Crustiman called and talked about the police; and mother told Sonney that she must punish him if he ever went there again He went again on the next half-holiday, and gloried in escaping detection, as he fancied.

He did not know that mother saw him from the bedroom window, and trembled at every knock next day for fear it was Mr.

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Crustiman. If she had to punish him, she thought that her last hope of becoming friends with him was gone; and perhaps, if father knew, he would think that she hadn't tried as she promised.

At the end of the week she bought Sonney an Eton suit. Father had told her that was what he ought to have next; but Sonney declared that father would not have made him wear the beastly thing, and that the stiff collar hurt him dreadfully; and he took the suit off, and said he wasn't well enough to go to church.

When mother had gone, he went downstairs and annoyed cook and Mary. They complained when mother came home, and threatened to leave; and she took Sonney into the drawing-room and showed him the big portrait of father.

"You do not love your father so much as I do, Sonney," she said, "or you would try to please him when he is away."

From that moment Sonney hated her. He never spoke to her unless she spoke to him; and he left the room whenever she came in. He did not even show her the letter that father sent him from Madeira.

She tried to make peace with him when he brought the fortnightly school-report for her signature.

"Oh!" she cried, "you've gone up four places in form, and three in arithmetic. That *is* good, Sonney. Father *will* be pleased; and so am I."

He held out his hand for the signed report.

"I didn't do it to please you," he said rudely—'only father.'

From that moment mother would have hated Sonney if she could. Only it was not in mother to hate a little boy who wanted his father.

He washed the kiss off with soap afterwards.

All the next month Sonney showed a perfect genius for getting into mischief. He broke a branch off the plum-tree climbing for the unripe fruit. He smashed four windows with a sling. He threw stones at the neighbours' cats. He tore the Eton jacket climbing a fence. He spilt ink over the drawing-room carpet. He upset the milkman's can. He was rude to his mother and the servants. He tied the cook's hair to the chair while she was dozing, and the hair came right off (he wanted to find out if it was her own), and cook had hysterics and gave notice. He did nothing right at home, and everything right at school, where the masters could not make out what had come to him. "Dear Dada" he wrote:—

I have swotted like ennything, an' I hope you will be plesed. The repport says Conduct excellent has made a reál efort with his work. Jones Miner said I was a sneke to swot, but I lickked him easy. I wish you were home because it is nearly sumer. I daresay she will tell you I broke

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some windos, but it was an accident, but she did not beleve it, but she is all rite and does not grumbel much. I should like to go to bording school, but I don't want to be a way when you com home.

Com home soon.

Your loving son,

FRED TAYLOR.

P.S.—Com home soon. I mis you dredful.

As a matter of fact, mother did *not* mention the windows, or any other misdeed of his. What she said was this:

Sonney has worked heroically at his lessons, and you must praise him very much. The work has been all for your sake, dear, and I hope the memory of you inspires me a little, too. I wish he had a tenth of the affection for me that he has for you. I cannot help thinking that, if I were older and wiser, I should manage to gain it, but I am afraid I do not. Sometimes I think I ought to be a little firmer about his mischief—they are *only* boyish pranks, dear—but, you see, I feel that, if I punished him, I should be hurting you. However, I am sending for tickets for the Hippodrome during the half-term holidays, and I should think that would make us chums. Be sure to praise his good school-work.

Sonney saw her glance at him several times while she was writing this letter, and he made up his mind that she had complained to father. So, to her astonishment, he said that he did not wish to go to the Hippodrome. As a matter of fact he wished very much to go, but she took him at his word and disposed of the tickets, and he was naughtier than ever throughout the holidays.

On the last morning of the holidays she went into the playroom to ask him if he would like to have some schoolfellows to tea, and he jumped out of the window and ran away, muttering "sneak" under his breath. In the afternoon he got out of the attic window and ran about on the roof, and refused to come down. She sent for the builder's man to fetch him at last. Then he took a long jump down on to the roof of the bath-room—mother screamed aloud—got in by the staircase window, and went off to his aunt's.

His aunt thought that mother knew he had come, and let him stay till late in the evening. Mother and the servants had been searching for him for hours when he returned, and she sent him to bed without any supper. He called from the top of the stairs, "Good-night, *step*mother. Father would like me to be hungry."

"Take him up something, Mary," she told the housemaid, "but don't say I sent it. I should not have thought that a child could hurt so much."

Mary made up her mind to tell him what she thought of him, and what his father would think; but she found him flung at full length on the bed, whispering, "Father—father." So she undressed him and put him to bed, and read him a long fairy tale, and only a short lecture.

The next afternoon, when he came home from school, his mother spoke to him severely. He had been a very naughty and unkind boy for a long time she said, and now she must write and tell father, and it would grieve father very, very much. She expected him to ask her not to write, and meant to agree upon a promise of good behaviour; but he said nothing—merely walked over to the stationery cabinet and took some paper and an envelope. She knew what he meant—that he would write to father about *her*.

She did not give father credit for the great trust that he had in her goodness, or realise how impossible it would be for him to think ill of her. The way it appeared to her was that she had promised to do just one little thing for father—to make his orphan boy love her—and she had failed.

She sat with her face on her hand, looking at father's photograph on the desk. Sonney glanced round at her as he went out through the door, and something in her look touched his hard little heart somehow. One never knows how these thoughts come that touch one; and the thought that touched Sonney was that it would hurt father when he heard things about him, and if he said things about mother it would hurt father too. Also it was "sneaky" to say things about mother. So he decided only to write about himself and the things that he had done, and the goodness of his intentions when rightly understood.

When, however, he tried to reduce his good intentions to paper, they did not seem quite so good. He *had* intended to annoy and worry mother, and he was sure that father would not think that good at all. He might have left that part out; only there was the photograph of father on the mantel-piece looking at him.

He remembered how father used to come and sit on the end of the bed and talk to him; how he came and sat there the night before he went. "Everything nice that you do for her will be something nice done for me," father had said. And all the nasty things that he had done were nasty things done to father. When father knew——! Sonney was tempted to write a lie, and say that he hadn't done them; but he couldn't write a lie to father. Of course he did not think it out clearly like that, but that was what was in his

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mind. If you don't think so, turn your mind back to the times when you were little and in trouble, and sat on your father's knee, and he put his arm round you; and to the times when you thought of father afterwards. Sonney's mind turned back to the times like that, and he gave a little gasp and wrote:

MY DEAR FATHER,

What mother says is true. I have been snekey to her, but I won't do it any more. Please don't be very misrable.

Your loving son,

FRED TAYLOR.

P.S.—I miss you dredful, an I shall be good when you com home. I didn't mean to.

Mother, too, sat looking at father's portrait. She could see him smiling, as he smiled in the photograph, thousands of miles away. She could see the smile change when he read the letter that she meant to write.

He would wait a day before he wrote, because he never did things hastily; and he would think so carefully what he could write that would help both of them most. It would hurt Sonney when he got father's letter. He deserved to be hurt; but not so much as that. Poor little passionate boy! It was because he loved his father so much that he was jealous of her. Perhaps she wouldn't write. But he would write about her to father. If she knew what he had written! She rose suddenly, and walked upstairs.

His mother spoke to him severely.

Sonney was sitting at his little dressing table, with his small face set firmly, sealing the envelope. He did not move when she went in. She could see his face in the glass. It was a very miserable face, and she felt suddenly sorry for him.

"I shall not interfere with your letter to father, Sonney," she said quietly, "but I do not want him hurt more than can be helped. Will you show me what you have written?"

Sonney hesitated for a moment, and looked at father's photo; and thought of things that father had said, about cowards who would not own that they had done wrong. She would be able to triumph over him now, he thought, and drummed savagely on the floor with his foot. She would think he had only written because he was afraid of father being cross; but father wouldn't think that. He picked up the letter slowly and gave it to her.

"May I open it?" she asked, and he nodded, looking away out of the window. It seemed a long time that he was looking.

Then mother gave a sharp cry, and dropped the letter and picked him up in her arms and sat down in the chair and hugged him, and somehow she found the right thing to say.

"You're *not* sneaky, Sonney," she said, "*and neither am I.* We're not going to write—either of us!"

That was how mother and Sonney came to love one another. Father was jealous of them both, he declared, when he came home; but they knew that was only his joke, and the more they liked one another the more they would please father.

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How To Do Little Things

You will Find that Life will Run more Smoothly if you Read this Article with Care.

By Wellesley Pain.

To mount a 'bus while it is moving, grasp the step-rails with the right hand at the utmost limit of your reach. By doing this you are almost lifted on to the step from the movement of the 'bus.

To descend from a 'bus in motion, grasp the rail with the right hand, stand on the right foot, step off with the left, and run a few steps in the direction that the 'bus is going.

Some people say: "If I can do big things well, what does it matter about little things?" But they are wrong. Small things are often of just as much importance as those of greater moment. It is the neglect of trifles that brings about mishappenings of the utmost importance.

For instance, it is quite simple to descend from a 'bus while it is moving—when you know how. There is a story of a Chinaman who attempted this feat, but unfortunately he did *not* know how. The result? Well, the Celestial performed a series of double somersaults, and finally settled on his back in the middle of the Strand.

GETTING ON AND OFF A 'BUS.

The simplest way of getting safely off a 'bus in motion is to grasp the rail with the right hand, stand on the right foot, step off with the left foot, and run a few steps in the direction that the 'bus is going.

Another method that looks difficult, but is really very simple, is to step backwards off the 'bus while looking in the direction that the 'bus is going. The momentum brings one forward and in an upright position.

To get on a 'bus while it is going with the least possible exertion, grasp the rail to the steps with the right hand, taking care to reach up almost to the limit of one's arm. By holding the rail in this position one is lifted by the movement of the 'bus almost on the step, and practically no jumping is required.

HOW TO PACK A PARCEL.

Now, packing a parcel—like doing a conjuring trick—is simple enough when you know "how it's done."

The first thing to remember is to get your paper the right width. Many people who are by nature extravagant in the matter of luxuries become suddenly of an economical turn of mind when they are dealing with such trifles as string and paper. It does not pay to be niggardly in this direction. On the other hand, you do not want more paper than is absolutely necessary. In doing up a soft parcel it will be as well to have several thicknesses of paper; old newspapers are most useful, if your supply of brown paper is limited. In doing up a box such extra protection is, of course, not necessary.

Put your paper on the table, and place your parcel on the paper. If the sides of the paper reach to the top of the parcel, the paper is quite wide enough. It is as well to see whether the paper is wide enough before you begin, as it may save you the trouble of undoing the parcel and finding a fresh piece of paper afterwards. (Of course an experienced packer can see at a glance if his paper is the right size.) If your paper is too wide, fold a little piece in on each side. The ends of your parcel will then be quite neat, and the paper folded in will serve to protect the parcel from damage in the post.

Fold the end of the paper nearest to you

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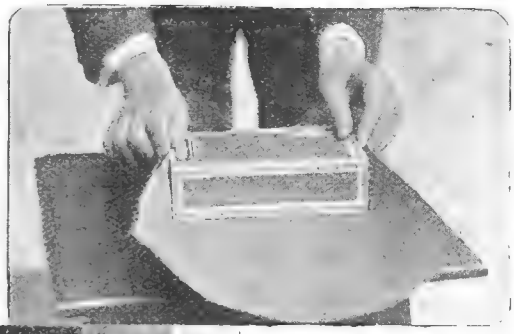
over the parcel, and manipulate the paper till it reaches about three parts of the way over the top of the parcel.

If you find then that the paper is too long do not cut off a piece, but fold it in. You then bring the end farthest away from you over the parcel.

You are now ready to think about the string.

Pass the string under the parcel. Then tie a small knot in the end of the string farthest away from you, and tie this end round the string. You thus get a safe slip-knot, and, if you pull on the string, you will find that, so far, your parcel is tightly tied.

Now the ends must be folded in. Press the paper down over the right end, and fold the paper there in the shape of a triangle. Press this triangular piece upwards and over the end of the parcel, and then, passing the string over the end, turn the parcel upside down.



WRAPPING UP A PARCEL NEATLY.—(1) Get your paper the right width. It does not pay to be sparing in this direction; but on no account use more paper than necessary. Having seen to this, lay your paper on the table, and your parcel on the paper.

(2) Fold the end of the paper *nearest* to you over the parcel, so that it reaches three parts of the way over. Then bring the end *farthest* away from you over the parcel.

(3) The parcel is now ready for the first tying. Pass the string underneath it. Next tie a small knot in the end of the string farthest away from you, and tie this end round the string. You thus have a safe slip-knot, and, if you pull on the string, you will find your parcel is, so far, firmly tied.

(4) Next fold in the ends. To do this, first press the paper down over the right end, and fold the flap at the bottom into the shape of a triangle. Press this triangular piece upwards and over the end of the parcel. Pass the string over the end and turn the parcel upside down.

(5) The paper at the other end is folded in the same fashion, and the string brought over it.

(6) All that now remains to be done is to tie a firm knot, and to cut off any superfluous string.

The next move is a little difficult to describe, but the reader who follows these directions with parcel and string in hand will find the matter very simple.

It is necessary to knot the string in such a way that there is not the slightest possibility of its coming undone while the paper is being folded over the other end of the parcel. To do this, carry the end of the string over the band of string round the parcel, and then putting the end of the string under

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the band, pull it through to your right. Next pass the end of the string over the band again, and pull it through again, but this time pull it straight upwards, and the string will be firmly knotted.

The parcel is then turned round, and the paper at the second end is folded in as at the first end, and the string brought over it. The parcel being turned over again, all that one has to do is to tie the finishing knots. This is where the amateur packer usually fails. Grip the string firmly between the thumb and first finger of the left hand and pull slightly. Take the end of the string in the right hand, carry it beyond the knot first made, and pass it through the string, going round the parcel lengthwise.

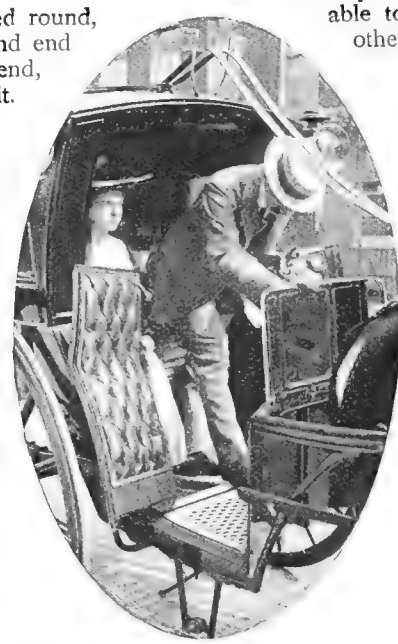
Now pull upon the string, and bring the end out and over to the right hand. Tie again, and the result will be a firm knot. But to make everything quite safe, tie a similar knot on the string, either to the left or right of the first knot made. To prevent the string from slipping out, make a couple of small knots in it, taking care to run them down close to the parcel before drawing them tight.

Cut off the string just above this little bunch of knots, and you have a neat parcel that cannot possibly come undone unless the string breaks. This eventuality is guarded against by using good string.

GETTING INTO A HANSOM.

When two persons are about to get into a hansom, common politeness prompts the first one to leave the seat nearest to the pavement vacant, so that the second person may be able to enter easily. This is the theory of the thing, but practical experience tells one that it is easier for anyone getting into a hansom when someone else is already there, to take the seat farthest from the pavement than to take the one on the off side.

Therefore, if you are the first to get into a hansom, take the seat nearest to the pavement, and your companion will easily be able to cross over you to get to the other seat.



Whoever gets into a hansom first should sit on the side near the pavement. By doing this the person that follows will be able to step across his companion quite easily and take the vacant seat.

CUTTING THE TOP OFF A CIGAR.

The large cigar-cutters that are to be found on the counters of most tobacconists' shops serve a double purpose. Apparently they are there merely in order that the tobacconist's customers may cut off the ends of their cigars with the least possible trouble to themselves. In some instances, at least, the ends of the cigars so cut off are saved and are returned to the manufacturers, who obtain a rebate on such "sweepings" from the Inland Revenue authorities.

In any case, however, these cigar-cutters, in common with the majority of portable cigar-cutters, do not do the work properly. Also, the man who is in the habit of using his knife for cutting his cigars usually performs the operation badly. He cuts it straight down on his thumb. If the knife is sharp he runs the risk of cutting himself, and, if the knife is not sharp, he may break the cigar.

The chief point, however, is that the end is not cut properly. It will be seen that such nicotine or moisture as may be in the cigar cannot fail to drain into the smoker's mouth if he cuts the end from his cigar in this way, and the same thing may be said of the cigar which is cut with a mechanical spring cutter.

The best way to cut a cigar is to make a notch near the end, leaving the tip to absorb the nicotine.

In order to obviate this, and to insure a clean, sweet smoke, cut a notch in the end of the cigar. Make the first cut away from the tip, and you will then run no risk of breaking the cigar.

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ROLLING A CIGARETTE.

Rolling a cigarette is an accomplishment that many cigarette smokers would like to acquire. To those in the habit of always smoking cigarettes a home-made one is a welcome change after a long course of those ready made.

To roll a cigarette first take one paper from the packet. If you begin by looking for the tobacco you cannot fail to spill some of it.

How to Roll a Cigarette.—(1) Take a strip of paper and a pinch of tobacco. Pull the tobacco out so that it lies evenly on the paper.

(2) Using the first fingers and thumbs of both hands, begin to roll the tobacco in the paper upwards and downwards.

Then take out a pinch of tobacco—the experience gained by making half a dozen cigarettes will tell you exactly how much to take—and place the tobacco on the paper. The paper should be resting lightly on your two middle fingers, and the first fingers and thumbs should be on the top ready to manipulate the tobacco.

(3) When the tobacco is neatly rolled, raise the fingers slightly towards the end of the cigarette and press gently. This will cause the ungummed side of the paper to become tucked underneath the tobacco.

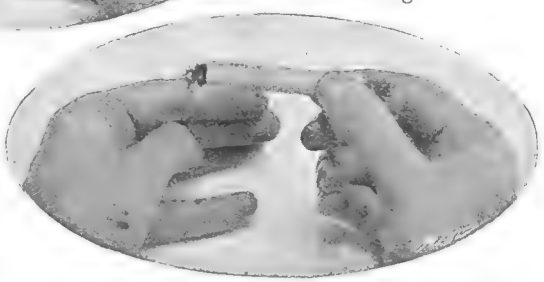
With the first fingers and thumbs pull the tobacco out so that it lies evenly along the paper. It is through neglecting this part of the process that the amateur cigarette maker usually gets an unsightly bump in the middle of his cigarettes.

Now put the thumbs and forefingers under the paper and begin to roll it upwards and downwards. Do not use too much power; if you do you will probably tear the paper in half.

The next step is to move the fingers slightly towards the ends of the cigarette. By pressing lightly on the two forefingers and thumbs you will tuck in the two ends of the paper. This is perhaps the most ticklish part of the whole business. Should there be any difficulty in performing the operation, it is because the centre of the cigarette is too thick.

Directly the ends of the paper have been tucked in, the two forefingers, the two middle fingers, and thumbs all work together in rolling up the cigarette. Take care not to pull outwards at the cigarette, and not to roll too tightly. It should then be an easy matter to roll the cigarette up, and if the work has been done properly it will be rolled so securely that it can be held—without any fear of its coming undone—between the thumb and finger while you moisten the gummed edge of the paper.

A little twist to the cigarette winds the gummed edge on to it; the loose ends of tobacco are nipped off with the thumb and first finger, and the cigarette is ready for smoking.



(4) Moisten the gummed edge, press it down, and with the thumb and first finger nip off the tobacco protruding at the ends. The cigarette is now complete.

DOING UP AN UMBRELLA.

The best of umbrellas is an unsightly bundle when it is rolled up badly. To make a neat job of it first find the button and elastic, and pull this fold out to the left of the umbrella, while holding the

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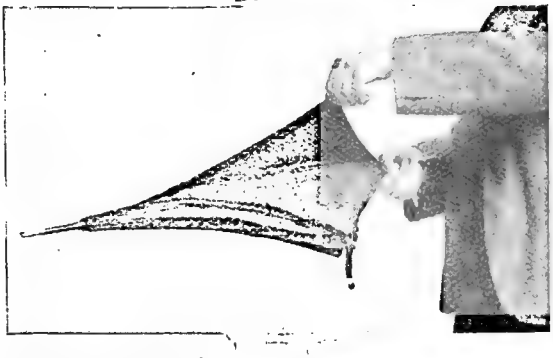
How to Roll an Umbrella Properly.—(1) Hold the umbrella in the right hand by the ends of the steel ribs. Next find the elastic fastener and pull out the fold to which it is attached. If the umbrella has been left unfolded, or has been done up badly, it will be necessary to shake the umbrella well before attempting to find the folds.



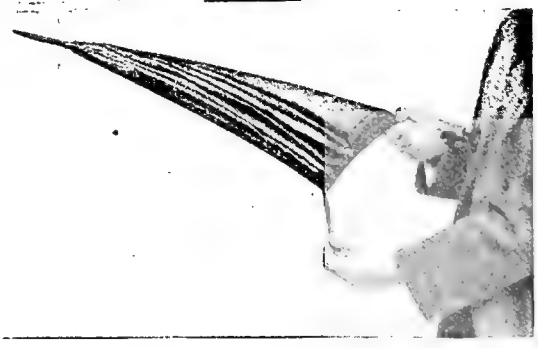
(2) Now draw out each fold separately. Do this carefully to insure that each fold is pulled out from the bottom of the umbrella.

umbrella in the right hand by the ends of the ribs.

If the umbrella has been done up badly, or has been standing undone in the umbrella-stand for a long time, it may be necessary to shake the umbrella well before attempting to find the folds.

After the first fold has been pulled out the other folds must be dealt with separately in the same way. Some care will have to be taken to avoid missing a fold and to insure that each fold is pulled out from the bottom of the umbrella.

This process complete, the umbrella is ready for the final process of winding the folds tightly round the stick. Shift the left hand to the end of the umbrella, grasping it tightly at the ends of the ribs with the right hand. The left hand must also be closed fairly tightly on the umbrella.



(3) The folds are now ready for winding tightly round the stick. Move the left hand to the end of the umbrella, grasping the latter tightly at the tips of the ribs with the right hand.

Now screw the umbrella from left to right through the left hand, keeping a tight hold on the ends of the ribs with the right hand, and releasing this hand only just enough to allow the hand being moved in order to make the screwing motion.

These directions having been all carried out, the umbrella ought to be neatly folded, but in the case of an umbrella that has remained for a long time out of its proper folds it may be necessary to repeat the last process before finally passing the elastic round the umbrella and fastening the ring over the button.

LIGHTING A CIGAR.

Watch any man lighting a pipe, cigar, or cigarette, and you will see him holding the match-box between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, and the match about to be lighted between the first and second fingers and thumb of the right hand. When the match is struck the hands are brought together, and the match is held between the first finger and thumb. It will

(4) Twist from left to right, and a neatly folded umbrella will be the result.

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The wrong way to hold a match in order to light your pipe in a high wind.

be seen that even with the shelter of the hands the flame is really quite exposed to the wind.

This way of lighting up is the general way, and good for the match trade.

The most experienced smoker will waste matches in a high wind, or when he is on a 'bus. He will not do so if he adopts the following plan: The moment the match is struck keep it between the first finger and thumb, but press the thumb closely to the hand, and move the match-box, held between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, over to the right till it is above the right thumb. All this is the work of a fraction of a second. If the position of the hands has been properly taken up the flame of the match will be well sheltered, and the smoker will be able to light pipe, cigar, or cigarette, quite easily.

The right and only way to save time, tronble, and matches.

STROPPING A RAZOR.

Every man knows how to begin to strop a razor. Put it flat on the strop with the edge towards you and draw it away up the strop from heel to top.

Now comes the usual mistake—in turning the razor over.

If it is turned in what is perhaps the most natural manner, that is, with the edge touching the strop as the razor is turned over in readiness for the return journey, you cannot fail to cut the strop and blunt the razor, and the more you hurry over the work the more damage you will do.

To avoid this, when you come to the end of the strop, turn the razor over on its back. You will then not run the slightest risk of damaging your strop or taking the edge from the razor, and the razor will be in position ready for being brought down the strop.

It should always be turned in this way—back on the strop and the edge upwards.

Never turn a razor over with the edge touching the strop. It blunts the razor and ruins the strop.

On the homeward journey, turn the razor over on its back. A little practice will make this quite as simple to accomplish as the more common and wrong method.

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Real Life Romances.

All True Stories Will be Carefully Considered and Paid for if Used.—Ed. ROYAL.

The Revolving Light.

A BRAVE AMERICAN WOMAN'S DEED.

The huddled figure of a man, lying at the stern, fixed her gaze.

THE lighthouse keeper's wife rose from her chair by the fire, and looked from the little window. Far away in the distance she could see the Mississippi coast, looming like a great black cloud on the horizon.

Darkness had fallen. The little clock on the mantelshelf tinkled out the hour. Seven o'clock, and the great revolving lamp still unlit!

Hastily descending the winding stairs, she stepped outside and called to her husband. Receiving no answer she called again, then picking up a lantern, hurried to the wharf.

A small boat lay gently tossing on the water. She glanced inside. The huddled figure of a man, lying at the stern, fixed her gaze. A cry of horror burst from her lips. In the still form she recognised her husband—dead!

Alone on the little island, with no one to soothe her sorrow, the poor woman gave herself over to grief.

Across the water the lights of a passing vessel shone. A sudden thrill passed through her heart. Her husband dead! No light in the beacon-tower, and she alone in charge!

Filled with new energy she mounted to the lantern-room. A minute later the lamp was lit. Then, stepping to one side, she pulled down the lever that should set the light revolving.

But something was amiss. The machinery refused to work. Again she pulled, first backwards, then forwards, in a frenzy of despair. A sudden thought came to her mind. Seizing the iron globe, she pushed with all her strength. At first slowly, then faster, the lamp turned on its pivot.

An hour went by, then two. With wearied arms and blistered hands, her mind torn by thoughts of her dead husband, the woman clung to her post.

All through the long night, that seemed to her would never break, the lamp revolved. And not until dawn had lit the sea did the weary woman cease from her terrible task. Then, staggering to the window, she hung out a signal of distress.

Darkness had set in when she awoke from a dreamless sleep. The silence around told her that her signal had flown unnoticed. With a sigh of disappointment she once more mounted to the lantern-room. Again the white ray shone across the water, first north, then east, then south and west, telling to all the danger that was near.

Round, round, walked the lighthouse keeper's wife, panting and straining as she made the lamp revolve.

At times she moved as in a dream, spurred by a mortal dread of what might happen should her strength give way.

Day broke. With it went the strange energy that had kept her moving through the long night. A sigh escaped her lips, and, staggering from the lamp, she sank unconscious to the floor.

* * * * *

Some hours later a boat arrived at the lighthouse. And then was discovered and published abroad one of the bravest deeds of heroism that modern times can show.

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The Poacher of Shirley Warren.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

TWO gamekeepers talked at their fireside.

"The Squire is in an awful rage about the warren," remarked the head-keeper.

"It's a mystery!" commented the underkeeper. "Where those rabbits go, heaven only knows!"

"Something must be done," returned the head-keeper, rising.

Picking up their guns, they stepped out into the darkness, and made their way towards the wood.

Suddenly a twig snapped. Both men crouched in the hedge. The sound drew nearer.

"Now!" whispered the head-keeper.

Closely followed by his companion he leaped out and seized the passing figure. A moment later a cry of astonishment burst from both keepers. Instead of a rough-looking man, as they expected, they saw in the clear moonlight the pale face of a small boy.

"What have you there?" inquired the head-keeper sternly, snatching a sack from the boy's hand, and emptying its contents upon the ground. "Six rabbits! I declare. Fresh killed, too!"

Without more ado, the keepers led the frightened boy to their house. There they proceeded to examine the contents of his pockets An instant later a howl of terror filled the room, and the underkeeper sprang into the air with a large spidery object hanging to his fingers.

"What is it?" he cried frantically.

"A crab," said the boy, pulling the animal from the man's hand. "I have two more." He laid them on the table.

A careful search revealed nothing but three candle-stumps and a box of matches,

"How did you catch these rabbits?" demanded the head-keeper.

"If I tell you," answered the boy, "will you let me go?"

The head-keeper nodded.

Having made his compact, the young poacher asked to be taken to the nearest warren. There he immediately set about stopping up all the rabbit-holes within a radius of twenty yards, save two.

The keepers stood by, watching in amazement; neither as yet realised how the rabbits were to be captured.

"Now we can begin," remarked the boy, laying the crabs and the candle-ends on the ground.

Taking off his coat, he placed it over one of the holes, and proceeded to light the candles. These he stuck, one apiece, on the crabs' backs, and, having unblocked a hole some yards distant, he put the creatures inside, and closed it up again.

Meanwhile the keepers had come to the conclusion that the boy was mad. But, heedless of their muttered comments, the small poacher knelt down beside the hole covered by his coat, and listened intently.

A minute passed. Then a quick, scuffling sound issued from beneath the coat, and the boy held up—a live rabbit.

"That's how I do it, mister," he said triumphantly. "Them rabbits is scared of fire, and when they see my crabs crawling down the holes with lighted candles on their backs, they bolt. All that run up against my coat I catch!"

He stuck the candles on the crabs' backs.

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The Finding of Rosie Boo.

THE ROMANCE OF A CAB HORSE.

"GEE-UP, Rosie Boo!" Hansom-cabman Morris cracked his whip.

Tossing her pretty head indignantly, Rosie Boo broke into a trot.

Suddenly two shrill whistles sounded, quite near by. The driver drew up outside a brilliantly-lighted restaurant. A lady, escorted by a gentleman of military bearing, stepped inside, and away clattered Rosie Boo.

Meanwhile, an interesting conversation was passing between the occupants of the cab. And Rosie Boo was the subject of it.

"Yes," said the gentleman, gazing closely at Rosie Boo's silky back "I feel sure that I have seen that horse before. How strange if it should be she! But wait!"

He tapped at the trap door overhead.

"Is that animal a mare?" he inquired of the driver.

Bending down, he examined her chest.

The cabman nodded his head.

"I thought so!" remarked his fare excitedly, turning to the lady at his side. "I tell you I am more sure than ever!"

The cab was now passing through Eaton Square.

Ordering the driver to pull up beneath an electric lamp, the gentleman descended and walked quickly to the mare's head. Yes, there she stood, much the same as he had known her three years past.

Bending down, he examined her chest. In the bright glare of the electric-light a white scar was plainly visible. A vision of the day, when he had seen that mark, a gaping wound, spurting blood at every movement, came clearly to his mind.

"Rosie Boo!" he cried suddenly. And Rosie Boo, by way of answer, pricked her ears in recognition.

"You can see," said the gentleman, turning to the driver, "that Rosie Boo and I are old comrades. She was my charger during the South African War. To her I owe my life. My name is Wood. I am a Captain in His Majesty's Army. Three years ago I was mounted on this very animal. My regiment, attacked by Boers, was falling back.

"We were enveloped almost on all sides. Retreat seemed impossible. All around us, as we galloped over the scorching veldt, the bullets pattered, whilst a murderous pom-pom, hidden on a distant kopje, raked our ranks. Suddenly, in the midst of the terrible din, I felt a sharp pain.

"I was wounded, but managed—how I do not know—to keep to the saddle.

"The enemy were now drawing in closer. Apparently they contemplated cutting off our retreat, and compelling us to surrender. Half-unconscious though I was, I knew that my life depended entirely on my horse. Once a prisoner in their hands, I knew that my injuries must prove fatal through lack of proper treatment.

"Suddenly Rosie Boo stumbled, I felt her whole frame quivering. If she fell, I fell—both of us inevitably would perish.

"But she was made of sterner stuff, and, despite the blood pouring from a terrible wound in her chest, stumbled on, bearing me to the British lines.

"From that terrible day in South Africa until to-night in the streets of London, I have never set eyes on my old charger!"

* * * * *

Thus it was that chance brought two old comrades together.

But Rosie Boo's story does not quite end here, for Captain Wood has fully determined to buy his old charger, and to let her reap a fuller reward of her faithfulness than by toiling daily with a hansom at her heels.

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Wolf! Wolf!

A CYCLIST'S TERRIBLE RIDE.

THERE were obvious signs of thunder when I set out to spend the evening with my friend at S——, A bright harvest moon shone down, lighting the road before me. Away, almost on the horizon, a heavy bank of clouds growled ominously and at frequent intervals.

Riding steadily, I was at length brought to a standstill by the road branching off in opposite directions. My memory of the way up to this point had held me good. But now I hesitated, doubtful which of the two roads I should take. Whilst in this dilemma, I noticed the figure of a man approaching.

"Is this the road to S——?" I asked.

Without heeding, the man hurried on. I repeated my question. This time he heard, and, half turning, nodded his head.

"What is the matter?" I shouted.

"Wolf—escaped—from menagerie at G——" he gasped in a terrified voice, and vanished round the corner.

Laughing to myself at his cowardice, I mounted my machine and was soon gliding along the quiet lane. Strangely, up to the present, I had felt no alarm at the thought of a wolf roaming the country. But presently I began to experience a distinct sensation of nervousness.

By now a heavy bank of clouds obscured the moon. The darkness was intense. Still I rode on, making good progress, my path at times lit up by dazzling flashes of lightning.

Suddenly my lamp went out. Dismounting, I struck a match, and had just succeeded in kindling the wick, when a strange noise fell upon my ears. I listened intently.

The regular pit-pat of some approaching animal sounded clearly in the dark stillness. That instant, a flash of lightning lit up the road. I looked! I gasped! In the brilliant glare a grey-brown object was visible, rushing headlong towards me.

"The wolf!" I shrieked, and, springing on my bicycle, fled, filled with mad panic.

How I kept my balance I cannot say. The mortal dread of what would happen should I fall seemed to sap the strength from my limbs. Once I thought I had out-distanced the creature. I glanced behind, as another flash turned darkness into day.

Pit, pat, with red tongue lopping and swinging from side to side, I saw the brute, clinging tenaciously to the chase.

By now my knees ached intolerably, my breath came in sobs, and I felt as if my chest would burst. Then, just as despair had overwhelmed me, I saw the lights of a farmhouse not twenty yards ahead.

I pulled up abruptly. A moment later, my fists beat wildly against the door. Suddenly a dark object bounded towards me. My mind reeled, and I collapsed on the doorstep unconscious!

* * * * *

When I came to my senses I found myself seated in a big arm-chair. Bending over me, a broad smile overmantling his face, stood the master of the house.

"Where is the wolf?" I asked feebly.

"Wolf!" he laughed. "Why, there is the terrible wolf, sleeping peacefully at your feet! It was our old sheep-dog all the time! He mistook you for my son. Well, well, he gave you a little exercise!"

"Wolf—escaped—from menagerie at G——," he gasped.

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THE JAPANESE DOLL'S SERENADE

A Japanese doll fell in love one day
With an English dolly of wax,
Her cheeks were so pink and her hair, they say,
Was fair as the golden flax;
Her eyes would open and shut with a spring,
And were blue as the sea or sky,
And under her casement each night he would sing
This song as he wandered by:

"You think I'm a happy,
Light-hearted Jap—Jappy,
With fan and with gay parasol;
But my heart's really breaking,
For you it is aching,
Though it's only the heart of a doll—
Fol-lol!
The heart of a Japanese doll!"

♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

This dolly of wax bent her beautiful head,
And smiled as he flirted his fan,
"Though a handsome young Dutch doll has wooed me," she said,
"I'm in love with a doll of Japan;"
"The Dutch doll so handsome," cried he, "may depart,
Sweet Dolly, I'm faithful and true,
And beneath my kimono a little Jap's heart
Beats ever and only for you!"

"You think I'm a happy,
Light-hearted Jap—Jappy,
With fan and with gay parasol;
But I'd die for you gladly,
I love you so madly,
Though I'm only a Japanese doll—
Fol-lol!
I'm only a Japanese doll!"

♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Now the name of that golden-haired, blue-eyed wax doll
Was something like yours, it may be,
And the doll with the fan and the gay parasol
If you look from your casement you'll see;
Sweet maid of old England, my heart at your feet
When first I beheld you was laid,
Oh! wake from your slumbers to hear me repeat
That Japanese doll's serenade:

"You think I'm a happy,
Light-hearted Jap—Jappy,
With fan and with gay parasol;
But with love my heart's aching,
For you it is breaking,
Though it's only the heart of a doll—
Fol-lol!
The heart of a Japanese doll!"

MARY FARRAH.

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THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

XI.—THE AFFAIR AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE.

By Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who explains the mystery to—	Clara Knight	Dresser to Miss Morgan.
The Lady Journalist	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.	Messrs. Kidd and Co.	Bond Street jewellers.
Miss Phyllis Morgan	A popular actress.	Mr. Thomas Kidd	One of the firm.
Mr. Howard Dennis	Her *fiancé*.	James Rumford	A skilled working jeweller.
George Finch	Doorkeeper at the Novelty Theatre.	Macpherson	A detective.

CHAPTER I.

"Talking of mysteries," said the man in the corner, rather irrelevantly, for he had not opened his mouth since he sat down and ordered his lunch, "talking of mysteries, it is always a puzzle to me how few thefts are committed in the dressing-rooms of fashionable actresses during a performance."

"There have been one or two," I suggested, "but nothing of any value was stolen."

"Yet you remember that affair at the Novelty Theatre a year or two ago, don't you?" he added. "It created a great deal of sensation at the time. You see, Miss Phyllis Morgan was and still is a very fashionable and popular actress, and her pearls are quite amongst the wonders of the world. She herself valued them at £10,000, and several experts who remember the pearls quite concur with that valuation.

"During the period of her short tenancy of the Novelty Theatre last season, she entrusted those beautiful pearls to Mr. Kidd, the well-known Bond Street jeweller, to be restrung. There were seven rows of perfectly matched pearls, held together by a small diamond clasp of 'art-nouveau' design.

"Kidd and Co. are, as you know, a very eminent and old-established firm of jewellers. Mr. Thomas Kidd, its present sole representative, was some time president of the London Chamber of Commerce, and a man whose integrity has always been held to be above suspicion. His clerks, salesmen, and bookkeeper had all been in his employ for years, and most of the work was executed on the premises.

"In the case of Miss Phyllis Morgan's valuable pearls, they were restrung and reset in the back shop by Mr. Kidd's most valued and most trusted workman, a man

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named James Rumford, who is justly considered to be one of the cleverest craftsmen here in England.

"When the pearls were ready, Mr. Kidd himself took them down to the theatre, and delivered them into Miss Morgan's own hands.

"It appears that the worthy jeweller was extremely fond of the theatre; but, like so many persons in affluent circumstances, he was also very fond of getting a free seat when he could.

"All along he had made up his mind to take the pearls down to the Novelty Theatre one night, and to see Miss Morgan for a moment before the performance; she would then, he hoped, place a stall at his disposal.

"His previsions were correct. Miss Morgan received the pearls, and Mr. Kidd was on that celebrated night accommodated with a seat in the stalls.

"I don't know if you remember all the circumstances connected with that case, but, to make my point clear, I must remind you of one or two of the most salient details.

"In the drama in which Miss Phyllis Morgan was acting at the time, there is a brilliant masked ball scene which is the crux of the whole play; it occurs in the second act, and Miss Phyllis Morgan, as the hapless heroine dressed in the shabbiest of clothes, appears in the midst of a gay and giddy throng; she apostrophises all and sundry there, including the villain, and has a magnificent scene which always brings down the house, and nightly adds to her histrionic laurels.

"For this scene a large number of supers are engaged, and in order to further swell the crowd, practically all the available stage hands have to 'walk on' dressed in various coloured dominos, and all wearing masks.

"You have, of course, heard the name of Mr. Howard Dennis in connection with this extraordinary mystery. He is what is usually called 'a young man about town,' and was one of Miss Phyllis Morgan's most favoured admirers. As a matter of fact, he was generally understood to be the popular actress' *fiancé*, and as such, had of course the *entrée* of the Novelty Theatre.

"Like many another idle young man about town, Mr. Howard Dennis was stage-mad, and one of his greatest delights was to don nightly a mask and a blue domino, and to 'walk on' in the second act, not so much in order to gratify his love for the stage, as to watch Miss Phyllis Morgan in her great scene, and to be present, close by her, when she received her usual salvo of enthusiastic applause from a delighted public.

"On this eventful night, it was on July 20th last, the second act was in full swing, the supers, the stage hands, and all the principals were on the scene, the back of the stage was practically deserted. The beautiful pearls, fresh from the hands of Mr. Kidd, were in Miss Morgan's dressing-room, as she meant to wear them in the last act.

"Of course, since that memorable affair, many people have talked of the foolhardiness of leaving such valuable jewellery in the sole charge of a young girl—Miss Morgan's dresser—who acted with unpardonable folly and carelessness, but you must remember that this part of the theatre is only accessible through the stage-door, where sits enthroned that uncorruptible dragon, the stage door-keeper.

"No one can get at it from the front, and the dressing-rooms for the supers and lesser members of the company are on the opposite side of the stage to that reserved for Miss Morgan and one or two of the principals.

"It was just a quarter-to-ten, and the curtain was about to be rung down, when George Finch, the stage doorkeeper, rushed excitedly into the wings; he was terribly upset and was wildly clutching his coat, beneath which he evidently held something concealed.

"In response to the rapidly whispered queries of the one or two stage hands that stood about, Finch only shook his head excitedly. He seemed scarcely able to control his impatience, during the close of the act, and the subsequent prolonged applause.

"When at last Miss Morgan, flushed with her triumph, came off the stage, Finch made a sudden rush for her.

"'Oh, Madam!' he gasped excitedly, 'it might have been such an awful misfortune! The rascal! I nearly got him though! but he escaped—fortunately it is safe——I have got it——!'

"It was some time before Miss Morgan understood what in the world the otherwise sober stage doorkeeper was driving at. Everyone who heard him certainly thought that he had been drinking. But the next moment from under his coat he pulled out, with another ejaculation of excitement, the magnificent pearl necklace which Miss Morgan had thought safely put away in her dressing-room.

"'What in the world does all this mean?' asked Mr. Howard Dennis, who, as usual, was escorting his *fiancée*. 'Finch, what are you doing with Madam's necklace?'

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"Miss Phyllis Morgan herself was too bewildered to question Finch; she gazed at him, then at her necklace, in speechless astonishment.

"'Well, you see, Madam, it was this way,' Finch managed to explain at last, as with awe-struck reverence he finally deposited the precious necklace in the actress' hands. 'As you know, Madam, it is a very hot night. I had seen everyone into the theatre and counted in the supers; there was nothing much for me to do, and I got rather tired and very thirsty. I seed a man loafing close to the door and I ask him to fetch me a pint of beer from round the corner, and I give him some coppers; I had noticed him loafing round before, and it was so hot I didn't think I was doin' no harm.'

"'No, no,' said Miss Morgan impatiently. 'Well!'

"'Well,' continued Finch, 'the man, he brought me the beer, and I had some of it—and—and—afterwards, I don't quite know how it happened—it was the heat, perhaps—but—I was sitting in my box, and I suppose I must have dropped asleep. I just remember hearing the ring up for the second act, and the call-boy calling you, Madam, then there's a sort of a blank in my mind. All of a sudden I seemed to wake with the feeling that there was something wrong somehow. In a moment I jumped up, and I tell you I was wide awake then, and I saw a man sneaking down the passage, past my box, towards the door. I challenged him, and he tried to dart past me, but I was too quick for him, and got him by the tails of his coat, for I saw at once that he was carrying something, and I had recognised the loafer who brought me the beer. I shouted for help, but there's never anybody about in this back street, and the loafer, he struggled like old Harry, and sure enough he managed to get free from me and away before I could stop him, but in his fright the rascal dropped his booty, for which Heaven be praised! and it was your pearls, Madam. Oh, my! but I did have a tussle,' concluded the worthy doorkeeper, mopping his forehead, 'and I do hope, Madam, the scoundrel didn't take nothing else.'

"That was the story," continued the man in the corner, "which George Finch had to tell and which he subsequently repeated without the slightest deviation. Miss Phyllis Morgan, with the light-heartedness peculiar to ladies of her profession, took the matter very quietly; all she said at the time was that she had nothing else of value in her dressing-room, but that Miss Knight—the dresser—deserved a scolding for leaving the room unprotected.

"'All's well that ends well,' she said gaily, as she finally went into her dressing-room, carrying the pearls in her hand.

"'Finch, what are you doing with Madam's necklace?'"

"It appears that the moment she opened the door, she found Miss Knight sitting in the room, in a deluge of tears. The girl had overheard George Finch telling his story, and was terribly upset at her own carelessness.

"In answer to Miss Morgan's questions, she admitted that she had gone into the wings, and lingered there to watch the great actress' beautiful performance. She thought no one could possibly get to the dressing-room, as nearly all hands were on the stage at the time, and of course George Finch was guarding the door.

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"However, as there really had been no harm done, beyond a wholesome fright to everybody concerned, Miss Morgan readily forgave the girl and proceeded with her change of attire for the next act. Incidentally she noticed a bunch of roses, which were placed on her dressing-table, and asked Knight who had put them there.

"'Mr. Dennis brought them,' replied the girl.

"Miss Morgan looked pleased, blushed, and dismissing the whole matter from her mind, she proceeded with her toilette for the next act, in which, the hapless heroine having come into her own again, she was able to wear her beautiful pearls around her neck.

"George Finch, however, took some time to recover himself; his indignation was only equalled by his volubility. When his excitement had somewhat subsided, he took the precaution of saving the few drops of beer which had remained at the bottom of the mug, brought to him by the loafer. This was subsequently shown to a chemist in the neighbourhood, who, without a moment's hesitation, pronounced the beer to contain an appreciable quantity of chloral."

CHAPTER II.

"The whole matter, as you may imagine, did not affect Miss Morgan's spirits that night," continued the man in the corner after a slight pause.

"'All's well that ends well,' she had said gaily, since almost by a miracle, her pearls were once more safely round her neck.

"But the next day brought the rude awakening. Something had indeed happened which made the affair at the Novelty Theatre, what it has ever since remained, a curious and unexplainable mystery.

"The following morning Miss Phyllis Morgan decided that it was foolhardy to leave valuable property about in her dressing-room, when, for stage purposes, imitation jewellery did just as well. She therefore determined to place her pearls in the bank until the termination of her London season.

"The moment, however, that, in broad daylight, she once more handled the necklace, she instinctively felt that there was something wrong with it. She examined it eagerly and closely, and, hardly daring to face her sudden terrible suspicions, she rushed round to the nearest jeweller, and begged him to examine the pearls.

"The examination did not take many moments; the jeweller at once pronounced the pearls to be false. There could be no doubt about it; the necklace was a perfect imitation of the original, even the clasp was an exact copy. Half-hysterical with rage and anxiety, Miss Morgan at once drove to Bond Street, and asked to see Mr. Kidd.

"Well, you may easily imagine the stormy interview that took place. Miss Phyllis Morgan, in no measured language, boldly accused Mr. Thomas Kidd, late president of the London Chamber of Commerce, of having substituted false pearls for her own priceless ones.

"The worthy jeweller, at first completely taken by surprise, examined the necklace, and was horrified to see that Miss Morgan's statements were, alas! too true. Mr. Kidd was indeed in a terribly awkward position.

"The evening before, after business hours, he had taken the necklace home with him. Before starting for the theatre, he had examined it to see that it was quite in order. He had then, with his own hands, and in the presence of his wife, placed it in its case, and driven straight to the Novelty, where he finally gave it over to Miss Morgan herself.

"To all this he swore most positively; moreover, all his *employés* and workmen could swear that they had last seen the necklace just after closing time at the shop, when Mr. Kidd walked off towards Piccadilly, with the precious article in the inner pocket of his coat.

"One point certainly was curious, and undoubtedly helped to deepen the mystery which to this day clings to the affair at the Novelty Theatre.

"When Mr. Kidd handed the packet containing the necklace to Miss Morgan, she was too busy to open it at once. She only spoke to Mr. Kidd through her dressing-room door, and never opened the packet till nearly an hour later, after she was dressed ready for the second act; the packet at that time had been untouched, and was wrapped up just as she had had it from Mr. Kidd's own hands. She undid the packet, and handled the pearls; certainly, by the artificial light she could see nothing wrong with the necklace.

"Poor Mr. Kidd was nearly distracted with the horror of his position. Thirty years of an honest reputation suddenly tarnished with this awful suspicion—for he realised at once that Miss Morgan refused to believe his statements; in fact, she openly said that she would—unless immediate compensation was made to her—place the matter at once in the hands of the police.

"From the stormy interview in Bond Street, the irate actress drove at once to

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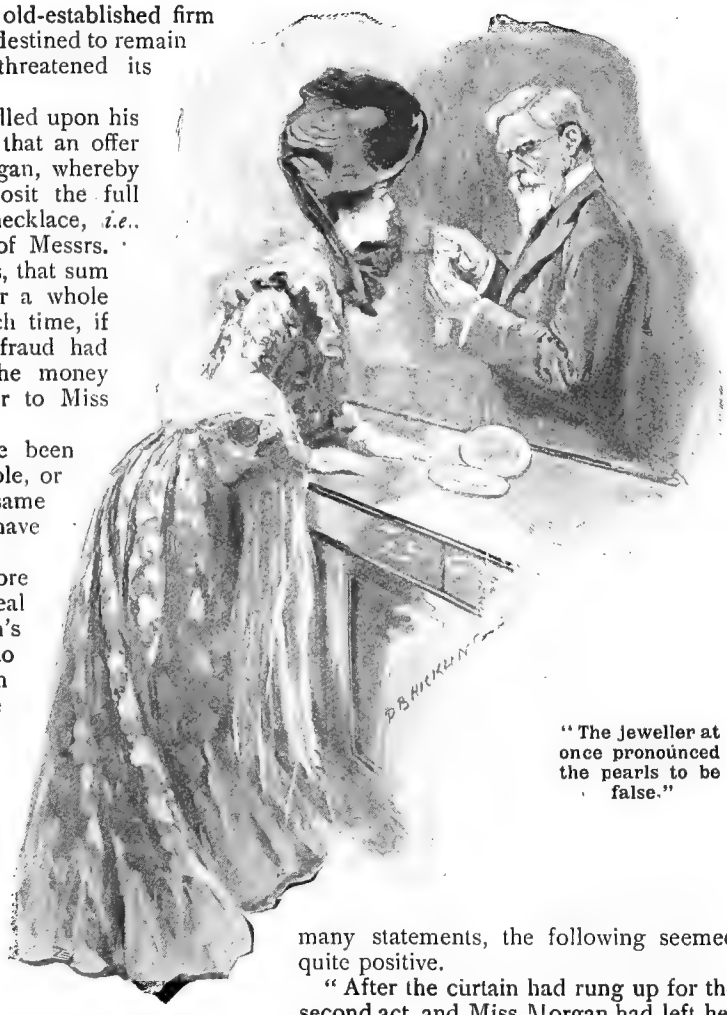
Scotland Yard; but the old-established firm of Kidd and Co. was not destined to remain under any cloud that threatened its integrity.

"Mr. Kidd at once called upon his solicitor, with the result that an offer was made to Miss Morgan, whereby the jeweller would deposit the full value of the original necklace, *i.e.*, £10,000, in the hands of Messrs. Bentley and Co., bankers, that sum to be held by them for a whole year, at the end of which time, if the perpetrator of the fraud had not been discovered, the money was to be handed over to Miss Morgan in its entirety.

"Nothing could have been more fair, more equitable, or more just, but at the same time nothing could have been more mysterious.

"As Mr. Kidd swore that he had placed the real pearls in Miss Morgan's hands, and was ready to back his oath by the sum of £10,000, no more suspicion could possibly attach to him. When the announcement of his generous offer appeared in the papers, the entire public approved and exonerated him, and then turned to wonder who the perpetrator of the daring fraud had been.



"The jeweller at once pronounced the pearls to be false."

"How came a valueless necklace in exact imitation of the original one to be in Miss Morgan's dressing-room? Where were the real pearls? Clearly the loafer who had drugged the stage door-keeper, and sneaked into the theatre to steal a necklace, was not aware that he was risking several years' hard labour for the sake of a worthless trifle. He had been one of the many dupes of this extraordinary adventure.

"Macpherson, one of the most able men on the detective staff, had, indeed, his work cut out. The police were extremely reticent, but, in spite of this, one or two facts gradually found their way into the papers, and aroused public interest and curiosity to its highest pitch.

"What had transpired was this:

"Clara Knight, the dresser, had been very rigorously cross-questioned, and, from her many statements, the following seemed quite positive.

"After the curtain had rung up for the second act, and Miss Morgan had left her dressing-room, Knight had waited about for some time, and had even, it appears, handled and admired the necklace. Then, unfortunately, she was seized with the burning desire of seeing the famous scene from the wings. She thought that the place was quite safe, and that George Finch was as usual at his post.

"'I was going along the short passage that leads to the wings,' she explained to the detectives, 'when I became aware of someone moving some distance behind me. I turned and saw a blue domino about to enter Miss Morgan's dressing-room.

"'I thought nothing of that,' continued the girl, 'as we all know that Mr. Dennis is engaged to Miss Morgan. He is very fond of "walking on" in the ball-room scene, and he always wears a blue domino when he does; so I was not at all alarmed. He had

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his mask on as usual, and he was carrying a bunch of roses. When he saw me at the other end of the passage, he waved his hand to me and pointed to the flowers. I nodded to him, and then he went into the room.'

"These statements, as you may imagine, created a great deal of sensation; so much so, in fact, that Mr. Kidd, with his £10,000 and his reputation in mind, moved heaven and earth to bring about the prosecution of Mr. Dennis for theft and fraud.

"The papers were full of it, for Mr. Howard Dennis was well known in fashionable London society. His answer to these curious statements was looked forward to eagerly; when it came it satisfied no one and puzzled everybody.

"'Miss Knight was mistaken,' he said most emphatically, 'I did not bring any roses for Miss Morgan that night. It was not I that she saw in a blue domino by the door, as I was on the stage before the curtain was rung up for the second act, and never left it until the close.'

"This part of Howard Dennis' statement was a little difficult to substantiate. No one on the stage could swear positively whether he was 'on' early in the act or not, although, mind you, Macpherson had ascertained that in the whole crowd of supers on the stage, he was the only one who wore a blue domino.

"Mr. Kidd was very active in the matter, but Miss Morgan flatly refused to believe in her *fiancé's* guilt. The worthy jeweller maintained that Mr. Howard Dennis was the only person who knew the celebrated pearls and their quaint clasp well enough to have a fac-simile made of them, and that when Miss Knight saw him enter the dressing-room, he actually substituted the false necklace for the real one; whilst the loafer who drugged George Finch's beer was—as everyone supposed—only a dupe.

"Things had reached a very acute and painful stage, when one more detail found its way into the papers, which, whilst entirely clearing Mr. Howard Dennis' character, has helped to make the whole affair a hopeless mystery.

"Whilst questioning George Finch, Macpherson had ascertained that the stage door-keeper had seen Mr. Dennis enter the theatre some time before the beginning of the celebrated second act. He stopped to speak to George Finch for a moment or two, and the latter could swear positively that Mr. Dennis was not carrying any roses then.

"On the other hand a flower-girl, who was selling roses in the neighbourhood of the Novelty Theatre late that memorable night, remembers selling some roses to a shabbily dressed man, who looked like a labourer out of work. When Mr. Dennis was pointed out to her she swore positively that it was not he.

"'The man looked like a labourer,' she explained. 'I took particular note of him, as I remember thinking that he didn't look much as if he could afford to buy roses.'

"Now you see," concluded the man in the corner excitedly, "where the hitch lies. There is absolutely no doubt, judging from the evidence of George Finch and of the flower-girl, that the loafer had provided himself with the roses, and had somehow or other managed to get hold of a blue domino, for the purpose of committing the theft. His giving drugged beer to Finch, moreover, proved his guilt beyond a doubt.

"But here the mystery becomes hopeless," he added with a chuckle, "for the loafer dropped the booty which he had stolen—that booty was the false necklace, and it has remained an impenetrable mystery to this day as to who made the substitution and when.

"A whole year has elapsed since then, but the real necklace has never been traced or found; so Mr. Kidd has paid, with absolute quixotic chivalry, the sum of £10,000 to Miss Morgan, and thus he has completely cleared the firm of Kidd and Co. of any suspicion as to its integrity."

(*At this point you might try to solve the mystery for yourself.*—Ed. Royal.)

CHAPTER III.

"But then, what in the world is the explanation of it all?" I asked bewildered, as the funny creature paused in his narrative and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a beautiful knot he had just completed in his bit of string.

"The explanation is so simple," he replied, "for it is obvious, is it not? that only four people could possibly have committed the fraud."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Well," he said, whilst his bony fingers began to fidget with that eternal piece of string, "there is, of course, old Mr. Kidd; but as the worthy jeweller has paid £10,000 to prove that he did not steal the real necklace and substitute a false one in its stead, we must assume that he was guiltless. Then, secondly, there is Mr. Howard Dennis."

"Well, yes," I said, "what about him?"

"There were several points in his favour,"

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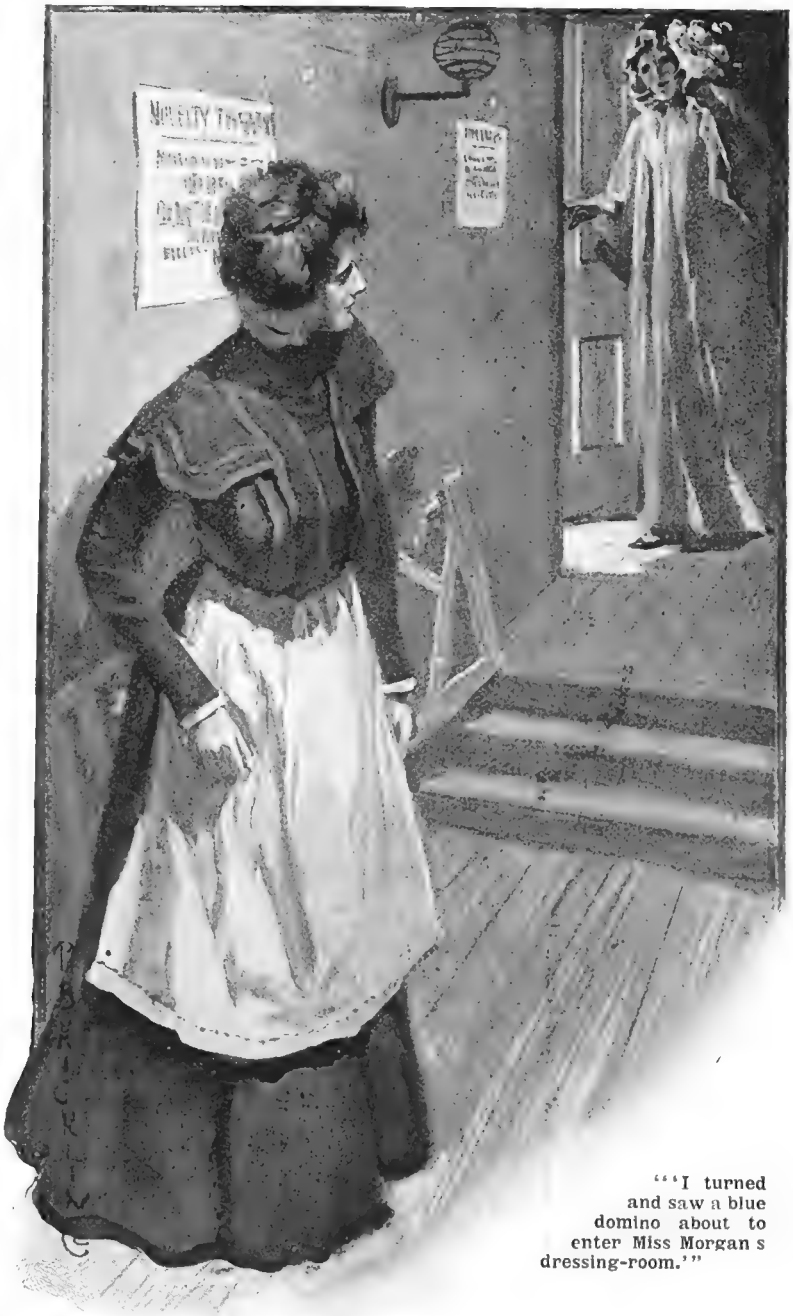
he rejoined, marking each point with a fresh and most complicated knot; "it was not he who bought the roses, therefore it was not he who, clad in a blue domino, entered Miss Morgan's dressing-room directly after Knight left it.

"And mark the force of this point," he added excitedly. "Just before the curtain rang up for the second act, Miss Morgan had been in her room, and had then undone the packet, which, in her own words, was just as she had received it from Mr. Kidd's hands.

"After that Miss Knight remained in charge, and a mere ten seconds after she left the room she saw the blue domino carrying the roses at the door.

"The flower-girl's story and that of George Finch have proved that the blue domino could not have been Mr. Dennis, but it was the loafer who eventually stole the false necklace.

"If you bear all this in mind you will realise that there was no time in those ten seconds for Mr. Dennis to have made the substitution *before* the theft was committed. It stands to reason that he could not have done it afterwards.



"'I turned and saw a blue domino about to enter Miss Morgan's dressing-room.'"

"Then, again, many people suspected Miss Knight, the dresser; but this supposition we may easily dismiss. An uneducated, stupid girl, not three and twenty, could not possibly have planned so clever a substitution. An imitation necklace of that particular calibre and made to order would cost far more money than a poor theatrical dresser could ever afford; let alone the

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risks of ordering such an ornament to be made.

"No," said the funny creature with comic emphasis, "there is but one theory possible, which is my own."

"And that is?" I asked eagerly.

"The workman, Rumford, of course," he responded triumphantly. "Why! it jumps to the eyes, as our French friends would tell us. Who, other than he, could have the opportunity of making an exact copy of the necklace which had been intrusted to his firm?

"Being in the trade he could easily obtain the false stones without exciting any undue suspicion; being a skilled craftsman, he could easily make the clasp, and string the pearls in exact imitation of the original, he could do this secretly in his own home and without the slightest risk.

"Then the plan, though extremely simple, was very cleverly thought out. Disguised as the loafer——"

"The loafer!" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes! the loafer," he replied quietly, "disguised as the loafer, he hung round the stage-door of the Novelty after business hours, until he had collected the bits of gossip and information he wanted; thus he learnt that Mr. Howard Dennis was Miss Morgan's accredited *fiancé;* that he, like everybody else who was available, "walked on" in the second act; and that during that time the back of the stage was practically deserted.

"No doubt he knew all along that Mr. Kidd meant to take the pearls down to the theatre himself that night, and it was quite easy to ascertain that Miss Morgan—as the hapless heroine—wore no jewellery in the second act, and that Mr. Howard Dennis invariably wore a blue domino.

"Some people might incline to the belief that Miss Knight was a paid accomplice, that she left the dressing-room unprotected on purpose, and that her story of the blue domino and the roses was prearranged between herself and Rumford, but that is not my opinion.

"I think that the scoundrel was far too clever to need any accomplice, and too shrewd to put himself thereby at the mercy of a girl like Knight.

"Rumford, I find, is a married man, this to me explains the blue domino, which the police were never able to trace to any business place, where it might have been bought or hired. Like the necklace itself, it was 'home-made.'

"Having got his properties and his plans ready, Rumford then set to work. You must remember that a stage doorkeeper is never above accepting a glass of beer from a friendly acquaintance; and, no doubt, if George Finch had not asked the loafer to bring him a glass, the latter would have offered him one. To drug the beer was simple enough; then Rumford went to buy the roses, and, I should say, met his wife somewhere round the corner, who handed him the blue domino and the mask; all this was done in order to completely puzzle the police subsequently, and also in order to throw suspicion if possible upon young Dennis.

"As soon as the drug took effect upon George Finch, Rumford slipped into the theatre. To slip a mask and domino on and off is, as you know, a matter of a few seconds. Probably his intention had been—if he found Knight in the room—to knock her down if she attempted to raise an alarm; but here fortune favoured him. Knight saw him from a distance and mistook him easily for Mr. Dennis.

"After the theft of the real necklace, Rumford sneaked out of the theatre. And here you see how clever was the scoundrel's plan: if he had merely substituted one necklace for another there would have been no doubt whatever that the loafer—whoever he was—was the culprit—the drugged beer would have been quite sufficient proof for that. The hue and cry would have been after the loafer, and, who knows? there might have been someone or something which might have identified that loafer with himself.

"He must have bought the shabby clothes somewhere, he certainly bought the roses from a flower-girl; anyhow, there were a hundred and one little risks and contingencies which might have brought the theft home to him.

"But mark what happens: he steals the real necklace, and keeps the false one in his hand, intending to drop it sooner or later, and thus send the police entirely on the wrong scent. As the loafer, he was supposed to have stolen the false necklace, then dropped it whilst struggling with George Finch. The result is that no one has troubled about the loafer; no one thought that he had anything to do with the substitution, which was the main point at issue, and no very great effort has ever been made to find that mysterious loafer.

"It never occurred to anyone that the fraud and the theft were committed by one and the same person, and that that person could be none other than James Rumford."

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Sergeant Hook, the Survivor who Relates the Story of Rorke's Drift.

GLEANED AND EDITED BY WALTER WOOD.

No. I.—HOW THEY HELD RORKE'S DRIFT.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT HENRY HOOK, V.C.

The First of a Unique Series which Embraces the Greatest Deeds of British Valour in Times of War and Disaster, both on Land and Sea, during the Last Fifty or Sixty Years. Each Article of this Series is Written from the Personal Narrative of one who Actually Passed through the Incident Described. The Story of the Zulu Impis' Terrible Onslaught on the Small British Detachment at Rorke's Drift is Vividly Related in this Article by Sergeant Hook, who Received for his Distinguished Service the Victoria Cross from the Hands of Lord Wolseley.

WHAT Rorke's Drift means in British history is told in a sentence. For thirteen hours a handful of Englishmen, outnumbered by thirty to one, defended themselves and their sick and wounded against the furious assaults of Zulu warriors, glutted with victory and plunder at Isandhlwana, and saved an army, if not a colony, from destruction. Of the defenders, seventeen were killed, and fifteen wounded; of the Zulus, 351 were buried, and almost as many more were left where they had crawled to die.

Rorke's Drift was a little farm on the Natal side of the Buffalo River, which had been used as a Swedish Mission station. At the farm there is a "drift," which means ford, into the Zulu country, called Rorke's Drift. Ten minutes' walk from the drift were two houses, which, being considered useful for military purposes, were acquired by the British when invading Zululand. A large outhouse, 80ft. by 20ft., which had been used as a church, was converted into a store-house; a dwelling-house, about the same size, was turned into a hospital. Rorke's Drift was a large camp and depôt, and therefore had plenty of stores and ammunition, including bags of Indian corn—"mealies"—and boxes of biscuit. On January 12th, 1879, the British marched off, and formed camp at Isandhlwana, leaving a small garrison to guard the stores and the sick and wounded at Rorke's Drift. Lord Chelmsford advanced in force from Isandhlwana before daylight on the 22nd. Before noon 20,000 Zulus had swept on the weakened camp, and within an hour killed more than 800 officers and men, including regulars, police, and volunteers. So much is necessary by way of preliminary to the story of Sergeant Henry Hook.

Sergeant Hook is a Gloucestershire man. He was born in 1851, and served five years in the militia before enlisting in the 24th Regiment. He left the army as a private, with the V.C. and a yearly pension of £10. He is now employed as cloak-room attendant at the British Museum reading-room, and is in by no means good health. Two campaigns in South Africa have seriously affected his constitution, and he will probably get the full £50, which can now be awarded with the Cross. His rank of sergeant

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comes from his twenty years' association with the Volunteer force.

"Everything was perfectly quiet at Rorke's Drift," he told me, "after the column had left, and every officer and man was going about his business as usual. Not a soul suspected that only a dozen miles away the very men that we had said 'Good-bye!' and 'Good luck!' to were either dead or standing back-to-back in a last fierce hand-to-hand fight with the Zulus. Our garrison consisted of the B Company of the 2nd Battalion of the 24th, under Lieutenant Bromhead, and 'details,' which brought the total number of us up to 139. Besides these, we had about 300 men of the Natal Native Contingent; but they didn't count, as they bolted in a body when the fight began. We were all knocking about, and I was making tea for the sick, as I was hospital cook at the time.

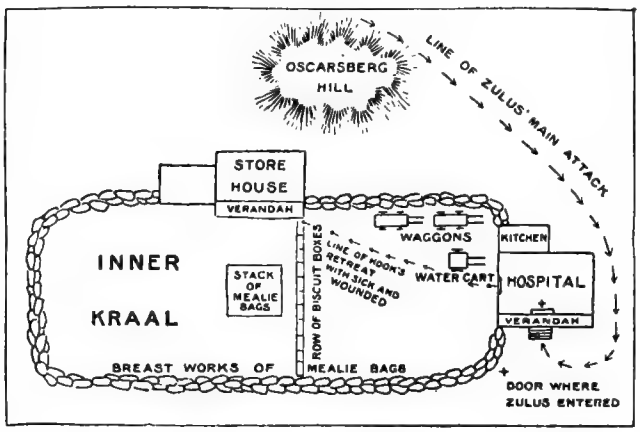
"Suddenly there was a commotion in the camp, and we saw two men galloping towards us from the other side of the river, which was Zululand. Lieutenant Chard, of the Engineers, one of the finest officers in the world, was protecting the ponts over the river, and, as senior officer, was in command at the drift. The ponts, floating bridges, were very simple affairs, one of them being supported on big barrels, and the other on boats. Lieutenant Bromhead was in the camp itself. The horsemen shouted, and were brought across the river, and then we knew what had happened to our comrades.

"They had been butchered to a man.

"That was awful enough news—but worse was to follow, for we were told that the Zulus were coming straight on from Isandhlwana to attack us. One of the horsemen was Lieutenant Adenhorff, and the other was a Natal carabineer. The lieutenant stayed behind with us, and the carabineer, who was in his shirt-sleeves, dashed on to Helpmakaar, twelve miles away, to take the news to two companies of the 24th there. At the same time a note was received by Lieutenant Bromhead from the 3rd Column—that which had left the drift, and part of which had been cut up—to say that the enemy was coming on, and that the post was to be held at all costs.

"For some little time we were all stunned, then everything changed from perfect quietness to intense excitement and energy. There was a general feeling that the only safe thing was to retire and try and join the troops at Helpmakaar. The horsemen had said that the Zulus would be up in two or three minutes; but, luckily for us, they did not show themselves for more than a hour.

"Lieutenant Chard rushed up from the river, about a quarter of a mile away, and saw Lieutenant Bromhead. Orders were given to strike the camp and make ready to go, and we actually loaded up two waggons. Then Mr. Dalton, of the Commissariat Department, came up, and said that if we left the drift every man was certain to be killed. He had formerly been a sergeant-major in a Line regiment, and was one of the bravest men that ever lived. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead held a consultation, short and earnest; and orders were given that we were to get the hospital and storehouse ready for defence, and that we were never to say 'die' or 'surrender.'



Plan of Rorke's Drift, showing the British defence, and the Oscarsberg Hill from which the attacking Zulus emerged.

"Not a minute was lost. Lieutenant Bromhead superintended the loopholing and barricading of the hospital and storehouse and the making of a connection of the defences between the two buildings with walls of mealie-bags and waggons. The mealie-bags were good big heavy things, weighing about two hundred pounds each, and during the fight many of them were burst open by assegais and bullets, and the mealies (Indian corn) were thickly spread about the ground. The biscuit-boxes contained ordinary army biscuit. They were big, square wooden boxes, weighing about a hundredweight each.

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The Defence of Rorke's Drift.

From the famous Painting by Alphonse de Neuville.

Lieutenant Chard is shown on the right receiving a cartridge from a wounded soldier, and **Sergeant Hook** is seen emerging from the flaming hospital bearing the body of the wounded man, **Conley** (*see* page 344).

"The carabineer, who was in his shirt-sleeves, dashed on to Helpmakaar, twelve miles away."

The meat-boxes, too, were very heavy, as they contained tinned meat. They were smaller than the biscuit-boxes.

"While these preparations were being made, Lieutenant Chard went down to the river and brought in the pont guard of a sergeant and half-a-dozen men, with the waggons and gear.

"The two young officers saw that every soldier was at his post. Then we were ready for the Zulus when they cared to come.

"They were not long. Just before half-past four we heard firing behind the conical hill at the back of the drift, called Oscarsberg Hill, and suddenly about five or six hundred Zulus swept round, coming for us at a run.

"Instantly the natives—Kaffirs who had been very useful in making the barricade of waggons, mealie-bags, and biscuit-boxes around the camp—bolted towards Helpmakaar, and, what was worse, their officer and a European sergeant went with them. To see them deserting like that was too much for some of us, and we fired after them. The sergeant was struck and killed.

"Half-a-dozen of us were stationed in the hospital, with orders to hold it and guard the sick. The ends of the building were built of stone, the side walls of ordinary bricks, and the inside walls, or partitions, of sunburnt bricks of mud.

"These shoddy inside bricks proved our salvation, as you will see. It was a queer little one-storeyed building, which it is almost impossible to describe; but we were pinned like rats in a hole, because all the doorways except one had been barricaded with mealie-bags, and we had done the same with the windows. The interior was divided by means of partition-walls, into which were fitted some very slight doors. The patients' beds were simple, rough affairs of boards, raised only about half a foot above the floor. To talk of 'hospital' and 'ward' conveys the idea of a big building; but, as a matter of fact, this hospital was a mere little shed or bungalow, divided up into rooms so small that you could hardly swing a bayonet in them.

"The half-dozen of us who had been told off to defend the hospital were put in corners where we could shoot best through the loop-holes which we had made with picks. I was a good shot, being a 'marksman,' and was able to clip more than one Zulu at a good distance before we came to the hot fighting at close quarters. In the hospital there were about nine men who could not move; but altogether there were about thirty. Most of these, however, could help to defend themselves.

"As soon as our Kaffirs bolted, it was seen that the fort as we had first made it was too big to be held, so Lieutenant Chard instantly reduced the space by having a row of biscuit-boxes drawn across the middle, above four feet high. This was our inner entrenchment, and proved very valuable.

"The Zulus came on at a wild rush, and although many of them were shot down, they got to within about fifty yards of our south wall of mealie-bags and biscuit-boxes and waggons. They were caught between two fires—that from the hospital and that from

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the storehouse—and were checked; but they gained the shelter of the depôt cookhouse and ovens, and gave us many heavy volleys.

"During the fight they took advantage of every bit of cover there was—anthills, a tract of bush that we had not had time to clear away, a garden or sort of orchard which was near us, and a ledge of rock and some caves which were only about a hundred yards away. They neglected nothing, and, while they went on firing, large bodies kept hurling themselves against our slender breastworks.

"But it was the hospital they assaulted most fiercely. I had charge, with a man that we called 'Old King Cole,' of a small room with only one patient in it; and two men named Joseph Williams and John Williams had charge of another. There were two men named R. Jones and W. Jones in a different part of the hospital. One was an old soldier, the other a young one. Cole kept with me for some time after the fight began, then he said he was not going to stay. He went outside and was instantly killed by the Zulus; so that I was left alone with the patient—a native whose leg was broken, and who kept crying out: 'Take my bandage off, so that I can come!' But it was impossible to do anything except fight, and I blazed away as hard as I could.

"By this time I was the only defender of my room. Poor 'Old King Cole' was lying dead outside, and the helpless patient was crying and groaning near me. The Zulus were swarming around us, and there was an extraordinary rattle as the bullets struck the biscuit-boxes, and queer thuds as they plumped into the bags of mealies. Then there were the whizz and rip of the assegais, the spears with which the Zulus did such terrible work during the war, and of which I had had experience during the Kaffir Campaign of 1877-78. We had plenty of ammunition, but we were told to save it, and so we took careful aim at every shot, and hardly a cartridge was wasted. One of my comrades, Private Dunbar, shot no fewer than nine Zulus, one of them being a chief.

"It was impossible to do anything except fight, and I blazed away as hard as I could."

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"From the very first the enemy tried to rush the hospital, and at last, although they failed to take it, they managed to set fire to the thick grass which formed the roof. This put us in a terrible plight, because it meant that we were either to be massacred or burnt alive, or get out of the building. To get out seemed impossible; for if we left the hospital by the only door which had been left open, the others having been blocked up, we should instantly fall into the midst of the Zulus. Besides, there were the helpless sick and wounded, and we could not leave them. My own little room communicated with another room by means of a frail door like a bedroom door. Fire and dense choking smoke forced me to get out of my own room and go into the other. It was impossible to take the native patient with me, and I had to leave him to an awful fate. But his death was, at any rate, a merciful one. I heard the Zulus asking him questions; and he tried to tear off his bandages and escape.

"In the room where I now was there were nine sick men, and I was alone to look after them for some time, still firing away, with the hospital burning. Suddenly, in the thick smoke, I saw John Williams, who had rushed in through a doorway communicating with another room, and above the din of the battle and the cries of the wounded I heard him shout: 'The Zulus are swarming all over the place! They've dragged Joseph Williams out and killed him!'

"John Williams had held the room, with Private William Horrigan, for more than an hour, until they had not a cartridge left, The Zulus then burst in and dragged out Joseph Williams and two of the patients, and assegaied them. It was only because they were so busy with this slaughtering that John Williams and two of the patients were able to knock a hole in the partition and get into the room where I was posted. Horrigan was killed.

"What were we to do? We were pinned like rats in a hole. Already the Zulus were fiercely trying to burst in through the doorway. The only way of escape was the wall itself—by making a hole big enough for a man to crawl through into an adjoining room, and so on until we got to our inmost entrenchment outside. Williams worked desperately at the wall with the navvy's pick, which I had been using to make some of the loopholes with.

"All this time the Zulus were trying to get into the room. Their assegais kept whizzing towards us, and one struck me in front of the helmet. We were wearing the white tropical helmets then. But the helmet tilted back under the blow, and made the spear lose its power, so that I escaped with a scalp wound, which did not trouble me much then, although it has often caused me illness since.

"Only one man at a time could get in at the door. A big Zulu sprang forward and seized my rifle; but I tore it free and, slipping a cartridge in, I shot him point-blank. Time after time the Zulus gripped the muzzle and tried to tear the rifle from my grasp, and time after time I wrenched it back, because I had a better grip than they had.

"All this time Williams was getting the sick through the hole into the next room—all except one, a soldier of the 24th named Conley, who could not move because of a broken leg. Watching for my chance I dashed from the doorway, and grabbing Conley I pulled him after me through the hole. His leg got broken again, but there was no help for it. As soon as we left the room the Zulus burst in with furious cries of disappointment and rage.

"Now there was a repetition of the work of holding the doorway, except that I had to stand by a hole in the wall, instead of a door, while Williams picked away at the far wall to make an opening for escape into the next room. There was more desperate and almost hopeless fighting, as it seemed; but most of the poor fellows were got through the hole. Again I had to drag Conley through, a terrific task, because he was a very heavy man.

"We were now all in a little room that gave upon the inner line of defence which had been made. We—Williams and R. Jones and W. Jones and myself—were the last men to leave the hospital, after most of the sick and wounded had been carried through the small window and away from the burning building*; but it was impossible to save a few of them, and they were butchered.

"Privates William Jones and Robert Jones during all this time had been doing magnificent work in another ward which faced the hill. They kept at it with bullet and bayonet until six out of the seven patients in that ward had been removed. They would have got the seventh—Sergeant Maxfield—out safely, but he was delirious with fever, and, although they managed to dress him, he refused to move. Robert Jones made a last rush to try

* It is this incident which de Neuville has depicted in his famous picture reproduced on page 341. Sergeant Hook is shown emerging with his burden through the window of the hospital.

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"A big Zulu sprang forward and seized my rifle; but I tore it free, and, slipping a cartridge in, I shot him point-blank."

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and get him away like the rest; but when he got back into the room he saw that Maxfield was being stabbed by the Zulus as he lay on his bed. Corporal Allen and Private Hitch helped enormously in keeping up communication with the hospital. They were both badly wounded, but when they could not fight any longer, they served out ammunition to their comrades throughout the night.

"As we got the sick and wounded out they were taken to a verandah in front of the storehouse, and Dr. Reynolds, under a heavy fire and clouds of assegais, did everything he could for them. All this time, of course, the storehouse was being valiantly defended by the rest of the garrison.

"When we got into the inner fort, I took my post at a place where two men had been shot. While I was there another man was shot in the neck, I think by a bullet which came through the space between two biscuit-boxes that were not quite close together. This was at about six o'clock in the evening, nearly two hours after the opening shot of the battle had been fired."

Pause for a moment to picture the scene from this time onward. The field of battle itself is luridly illumined by the flames of the burning hospital. Behind the little fort a hill like a sugarloaf stands lonely on the plain; a few miles away the fallen 24th are stretched on the bloody field of combat, plundered and mutilated, and near them are many black ridges of Zulus. At the Drift, too, are rows of dark corpses, like waves, for the whirlwind swoops have been checked by rifle fire at a distance of several hundred yards, and the assailants have been mown down in ranks. Time after time the Zulus have rushed to the attack, time after time they have been driven back.

Blood and fire and sickness and suffering are everywhere around—with such a life and death struggle how else can it be? There are many terrible sights, but the merciful darkness veils them. Every soldier is at his post—there is one especially who is resting on the mealie-bags, with his rifle presented to the enemy, and his face staring fixedly. He never moves; he is like a figure carved in stone.

More than one long bayonet has been twisted or doubled; more than one Martini has become jammed or useless through repeated firing; more than one stock has been snapped from the barrel, for when a shot has been discharged there has been no time to reload before a valiant Zulu has come, and so he has been killed with a butt instead of a bullet. Boots are red-sodden, helmets are smashed and torn, greatcoats, kerseys, and trousers are ripped, slashed, and stained. Not a face that is not grimy with the smoke and sweat of battle; not a hand that is not black, not a body that is not weary—and not a heart which falters.

That is the secret of the holding of the Drift. There is no surrender—there is only death or victory. It is the three-century-old story of Grenville and the *Revenge* over again. It is all very hideous and very terrible; but the horrors of the combat are lightened by the valour and humanity of the defence. Men are wounded and helpless—they cannot be left to die. Away in Natal, just over the river which divides the colony from Zululand, are unprotected people and women and children. If the drift is lost the victorious hordes will swarm into the colony, and there will be horrors worse than Isandhlwana. So the drift must be held—and the fight goes on.

"We were glad enough to be in the shelter of the little inside fort," continued Hook. "Every now and then the Zulus would make a rush for it and get in. We had to charge them out. By this time it was dark, and the hospital was all in flames, but this gave us a splendid light to fight by. I believe it was this light that saved us. We could see them coming, and they could not rush us and take us by surprise from any point. They could not get at us, and so they went away and had ten or fifteen minutes of a war-dance. This roused them up again, and their excitement was so intense that the ground fairly seemed to shake.

"Then, when they were goaded to the highest pitch, they would hurl themselves at us again. We could sometimes, by the light of the flames, keep them well in sight, so well that we could take steady aim and fire coolly. When we could do this they never advanced as far as the barricade, because we shot them down as they ran in on us. But every now and then one or two managed to crawl in and climb over the top of the sacks. They were bayoneted off.

"I need hardly say that we were using Martinis, and fine rifles they were, too. But we did so much firing that they became hot, and the brass of the cartridges softened, the result being that the barrels got very foul and the cartridge-chamber jammed. My own rifle was jammed several times, and I had to work away with the ramrod till I cleared it. We used the old three-sided bayonet, and the long, thin blade that we called the 'lung'

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bayonet. They were fine weapons, too; but some were very poor in quality, and either twisted or bent badly. Several were like that at the end of the fight; but some terrible thrusts were given, and I saw dead Zulus who had been pinned to the ground by the bayonets going through them.

"All this time the sick and wounded were crying for water We had the water-cart full of water, but it was just by the deserted hospital, and we could not hope to get at it until the day broke, when the Zulus might begin to lose heart and to stop in their mad rushes. But we could not bear the cries any longer, and three or four of us jumped over the boxes and ran and fetched some water in.

"The long night passed and the day broke. Then we looked around us to see what had happened, and there was not a living soul who was not thankful to find that the Zulus had had enough of it and were disappearing over the hill to the south-west. Orders were given to patrol the ground, collect the arms of the dead blacks, and make our position as strong as possible in case of fresh attacks.

"One of the first things I did was to go up to the man who was still looking over our breastwork with his rifle presented to the spot where so many of the Zulus had been. I went up to him, and saw that he did not move, and that he looked very quiet.

"I went nearer and said: 'Hello, what are you doing here?'

"He made no answer, and did not stir. I went still closer, and something in his appearance made me tilt his helmet back, as you sometimes tilt back a hat when you want to look closely into a face. As I did so I saw a bullet-mark in his forehead, and knew that he was dead.

"I went away, and was walking up the dry bed of a little stream near the drift, with my own rifle in my right hand and a bunch of assegais over my left shoulder. Suddenly I came across an unarmed Zulu, lying on the ground, apparently dead, but bleeding from the leg. Thinking it strange that a dead man should bleed, I hesitated, and wondered whether I should go on, as other Zulus might be lurking about. But I resumed my task. Just as I was passing, the supposed dead man seized the butt of the rifle and tried to drag it away. The bunch of assegais rattled to the earth.

"The Zulu suddenly released his grasp of the rifle with one hand, and with the other fiercely endeavoured to drag me down. The fight was short and sharp; but it ended by the Zulu being struck in the chest with the butt and knocked to the ground.

"The rest was quickly over.

"After that we were not allowed to go on with our task except in twos and threes.

"When we had done this work we went back to the inner line of defence, sad enough, even the most cheerful of us. But we had no time to dwell on the awful scenes about us. We did not know how soon another assault would be made, but we did know that if the Zulus kept on attacking us it was only a question of time before we were cut to pieces, as our comrades a dozen miles away had been destroyed.

"The roof of the hospital had fallen in by this time, and only the storehouse was standing. We were ordered to put ropes through the loopholes of the walls of the hospital, and pull them down. This we did, and the walls, which had already been weakened by our picks, partially collapsed. Then we tore away the thatch from the storehouse, so that the Zulus could not, even if they wished, set fire to it, as they had fired the hospital. With the ruins of the walls we strengthened our little fort, and again waited for the Zulus—if they cared to come. But they had finished their attack.

"We looked about us everywhere for signs of relief, but saw nothing, and our hearts sank. Then came an awful time of suspense. Two of our men had been on the roof of the storehouse signalling with flags when the Zulus meant to attack us. This gave us time to make ready for them. The signallers were still able to stand above the ground, so that they could be seen at a good distance. We saw their flags going wildly. What was it? Everybody was mad with anxiety to know whether it could be friends to relieve us, or more Zulus to destroy us. We watched the flags flapping, and then learnt that signals were being made in reply. We knew we were safe, and that friends were marching up to us.

"We broke into roar after roar of cheering, waving red coats and white helmets, and we cheered again and again when, at about six o'clock in the morning, Colonel Russell rode up with some mounted infantry. We saw them come in, and at the same time we saw that the Zulus had once more got ready to sweep round the mountain to attack us. But it was too late, and on seeing that we were reinforced, they turned silently away, and only their dead and a few wounded were left with us.

"Lord Chelmsford and what was left of the 3rd Column came up to Rorke's Drift soon

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after. There was no time to sit down and mope, and there were the sick and wounded as well as the rest to look after. So when the Commander-in-Chief arrived I was back at my cooking in my shirt-sleeves, making tea for the sick.

"A sergeant ran up and said:

"'Lieutentant Bromhead wants you.'

"'Wait till I put my coat on,' I said.

"'Come as you are—straight away,' he ordered, and so in my shirt-sleeves, and with my braces hanging about me, I went into the midst of the officers, and Lord Chelmsford asked me all about the defence of the hospital, as I was the last to leave the building. An officer took our names, and wrote down what we had done. He was the first officer to be killed in the last South African war—Major-General Penn-Symons, at Dundee.

"When the relief had come up the men of the column were sent out to bury the Zulus. There were 351 dead blacks counted, and these were put into two big holes in front of the hospital. The column made the Kaffirs who were with them dig the trenches; but although they dug the holes, they positively refused to bury the bodies. There were only a few badly wounded left, as the Zulus had carried off their wounded as they retired. A great many dead were found in a mealie field not far from the hospital.

"As for our own comrades, we, who had fought side by side with them, buried them. This was done the day after the fight, not far from the place where they fell, and at the foot of the hill. Soon afterwards the little cemetery was walled in and a monument was put up in the middle. The lettering was cut on it by a very clever bandsman named Mellsop, who used bits of broken bayonets as chisels. He drew a capital picture of the fight. Those who had been killed in action were buried on one side of the cemetery, and those who died of disease on the other side. A curious thing was that a civilian named Byrne, who had taken part in the defence and was killed, was buried outside the cemetery wall. I don't know why, except that he was not a regular soldier.

"I was at Rorke's Drift for six months after the fight, but we were moved about a quarter of a mile away from the storehouse and hospital. On August 3rd, at Rorke's Drift, where I was the only recipient of the Victoria Cross, the others having left, I was decorated with the Cross by Lord Wolseley, at a special parade. It was curious, but until then I had scarcely ever thought about the V.C.—in fact we did not know or trouble much about it, although we had a V.C. man in the regiment—Griffiths they called him. He was killed, with the rest, at Isandhlwana."

[The Zulu War was ended with the decisive victory of Ulundi on July 4th, 1879. Soon afterwards the chiefs submitted, and Cetewayo, the king, was captured, and peace was declared.]

["The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava," from the Narrative of Mr. Herbert, forms the subject of the next Article in this Series.]

VIVISECTION.

As I was strolling down the way,
Beneath the smiling skies,
I met a damsel fair as May,
Who took at once my eyes!

Completely mistress of me now,
Just where she would she led;
And, through her cunning wiles, I vow
I lost, also, my head!

And then, since I had not the face
To charge her with her art,
Still worse and worse became my case—
She stole from me my heart!

I should have turned, I doubt it not,
And sought escape, alarmed;
But at a look, upon the spot
She promptly me disarmed!

Quite merciless, the wicked elf,
Whom naught else would appease,
She straightway brought my wretched self,
De-feet-ed, to my knees!

Sans eyes—and head, heart, arms, and feet;
Ay, bitter is my cup!
Well may they say upon the street
I'm terribly cut up.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

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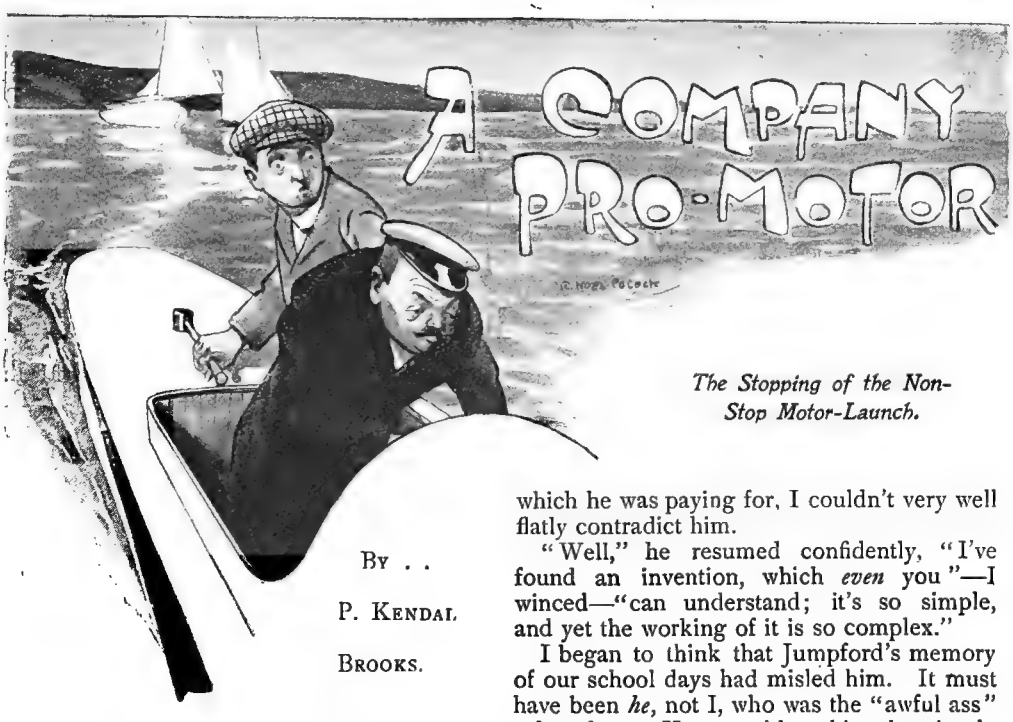

The Stopping of the Non-Stop Motor-Launch.

By . .

P. Kendal Brooks.

Jumpford was a remarkable man. Remarkable in nothing so much as in the great fact that he had suddenly blossomed out into wealth, through having successfully "engineered" a company for the manufacture of patent umbrellas, which shut up automatically when the rain ceased—and occasionally, when it did not.

Jumpford was an old school friend, and although we had drifted apart in our lives—I being merely a humble bank clerk, whilst he was fast becoming a magnate of finance, we had not lost sight of each other. And when, one day, he called in at the bank and asked me to have luncheon with him at his club, I was not at all surprised. Jumpford did do those little things, sometimes.

The meal was no sooner commenced, than my host, leaning across the table, said in low tones:

"Boodleby, you remember the old days at school?"

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"What an ass you were always considered," he went on earnestly.

"Er—well—I don't know about——"

"Oh, yes you do," he rejoined encouragingly. "An awful ass."

I swallowed a large piece of bread which almost choked me. I was annoyed with Jumpford, but as I was eating the luncheon which he was paying for, I couldn't very well flatly contradict him.

"Well," he resumed confidently, "I've found an invention, which *even* you"—I winced—"can understand; it's so simple, and yet the working of it is so complex."

I began to think that Jumpford's memory of our school days had misled him. It must have been *he*, not I, who was the "awful ass" referred to. How could a thing be simple and complex too?

"Yes," he continued, "it's a motor-launch. In five minutes, you can get up steam, and the boat will run for twenty-four hours."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, as I did not know what else to say. But I wondered why it should *not* run for twenty-four hours?

"Now, Boodleby," he went on impressively, "I should like you to run down to Shrimpington with me and try the boat. Of course you come as my guest," he added, accidentally annexing my claret and tossing it off in the most lordly way.

I accepted gladly. To go anywhere as anybody's guest has always amounted to a positive passion with me.

"Shall we make it next Saturday?" he asked, and, of course, I consented.

Jumpford did not make any reference to replacing my lost claret, so presently I rose to go.

As we parted, he added:

"Yes, the motor is so simple that *even you* will understand it, Boodleby. I shall form a company to work the patents, and I'll put a few—say a hundred or two—shares in your name!"

(He ultimately did this—and I had to pay half-a-crown a share, "call," when the company was wound up.)

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We got to Shrimpington on Saturday night, and, next morning, stepped into the shore boat which was to convey us on board the motor-launch.

Old Joe Martin—such was the mariner's name—spat on his hands and bent to the oars.

"Queer sort o' craft, that o' yourn, mister," he said with a beery eye turned upon Jumpford. "Bit crank, ain't she?"

"Oh dear no," replied my friend confidently. "Very good sea boat indeed."

"S'pose you'll keep inside th' 'arbour to-day, won't ye?" continued Joe.

"Oh, I daresay we shall, eh, Boodleby?"

"Just as you like," I replied indifferently, as I lit a pipe.

We stepped into the launch, and Jumpford busied himself at once in removing the waterproof cover from the engine.

"Shall I fetch ye off again, when ye gets back to yer moorin's?" asked old Martin.

"Aye, aye, my lad, do," replied Jumpford, who always becomes nautical in his language as soon as he is afloat.

Old Martin pulled ashore again, whilst Jumpford toiled at the engine, and a very full-flavoured can of petroleum.

After a quarter-of-an-hour's work, during which the engine "primed" or did something to that effect, making a most aggressive rattling noise the while, Jumpford announced that he was ready, and requested me to "pick up the moorings."

I looked down on the floor, but could not see anything to pick up except the tin "bailer." So I handed it to him, and asked if that was what he meant.

"No, my lad," replied Jumpford laughing. "I'm afraid you're a bit of a landlubber; 'moorings' are the what-you-may-call-'ems that keep us anchored. Just let go that rope."

"Well, why didn't you say so at once?" I asked; and then I untied the rope which held us to a large tin pot floating on the water. He called it a buoy; *I* called it a tin pot.

"Fuff, fuff, fuff!" went the little engine, and then the steam came hissing out with a succession of jerky spurts which made me jump quickly out of the way.

"You see how simple it is," roared Jumpford, striving to make his voice heard above the din of the engine. "She'll settle down directly and go quieter."

Then he pulled a lever-handle and we increased our speed. Jumpford took the tiller, and leaned back with an assumption of ease and comfort which, somehow or other, looked rather overdone. I also threw myself into a lordly attitude, and smoked my pipe with a nautical air, for the express benefit of a group of idlers assembled on the pier watching our proceedings.

We made the entire circuit of the large harbour, to the admiration of all beholders; and then, as we again passed our buoy, Jumpford invited me to "come aft," and proceeded to explain the mechanism of the new motor.

I can't remember what he said; in fact, I didn't hear more than a tenth of it, for the noise of the engine drowned his voice. But I give a brief summary of my replies:

"Yes."

"Oh."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, it's very simple."

"By Jove!"

"Really?"

"Of course."

Jumpford was satisfied, and that was everything.

After we had spun round the harbour a second, and then a third time, it was past two o'clock, and in a loud bawl I suggested attacking the luncheon basket. Jumpford assented, and we made a very substantial meal.

Another hour having passed in circumnavigating the harbour, I mildly suggested that the experiment had been a complete success, and should we get back to our moorings and hail Martin to row us ashore?

Jumpford, who had been pulling tentatively at first one handle and then another, turning all the small brass taps on and off again for some time, looked up momentarily from his occupation, and in an indifferent voice said:

"Oh, there's no particular hurry."

"Doesn't it look rather absurd, though, to keep tearing round and round this harbour all day?" I ventured to suggest.

"Think so? Well, all right, then, we'll take a turn outside the harbour, eh?"

And the launch's head was accordingly pointed seaward. I lit another pipe and settled down again.

I thought Jumpford must be a perfect glutton at this sort of thing. For my part I was getting just a trifle weary of it.

After about ten minutes of the open sea, I laid down my pipe, suddenly recollecting that it was bad for one's health to smoke too much. Then I began to yawn and—I knew the sign!

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With as indifferent an air as I could assume, I said:

"Don't you think we've had about enough of it, Jumpford?"

"Yes, I do," he began, and then hastily pulled himself up. "Oh, no," he said, "it's—it's—rather fun, don't you think so?"

Well, I didn't. Mild boredom at cruising round and round the harbour developed into active resentment at being churned up in a broken, choppy sea outside. I was feeling very uncomfortable in the—chest, and said so.

"Very well, then. We'll return to the harbour," he observed, and putting the helm over, we soon gained the entrance to that monotonous stretch of smooth water—to my great and immediate relief.

"Shall we make for the moorings now, Jumpford?" I asked.

"Oh, not yet, my dear fellow," he replied, speaking from his knees whereon he rested, striving to steer with one hand whilst he tried all the taps and pulled all the lever handles again and again with the other.

I was getting cold—and sulky. Here we had been careering about, for nearly four hours, cramped up in this wretched little craft, and I was sick to death of it, and longing for a cup of hot tea before packing my bag and catching the 5.45 back to town.

Away we spun round that eternal harbour again. I relapsed into an unamiable silence. Noticing my increased ill-humour, Jumpford made a desperate effort to be funny.

"Out of this motor-launch, I'm going to pro-motor — I mean promote a—company, and launch a motor," and there he stuck. Jumpford always requires several weeks' careful preparation of his "impromptus."

I cackled feebly.

This sort of humour is not calculated to produce really robust hilarity.

Two minutes after—adopting a firmer tone than before—I said:

"Do, for goodness sake, let us get back to the moorings and hail for old Martin to take us ashore in his boat. I'm dead tired of it."

A far-off look came into his eye.

"Tired of it, you say? And don't you suppose *I'm* tired of it, too?"—then, with a bitter, mirthless laugh, he added, "*But I can't stop the confounded thing!*"

So this was the true reason why we had been tearing round and round the harbour all the livelong day!

It was a solemn and awe-inspiring situation. We two haggard men gazed into each other's faces in speechless dismay.

"You can't stop it?" I queried, in hard, even tones. No tears came to my relief.

Jumpford's was a mute anguish. He could only bow his head into his hands.

"Hi! look aht where you're a-comin' to

I was hauled aboard the barge, panting and breathless.

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with that Punch-an'-Judy show!" bawled a beery bargee, whose craft we had just "shaved," and missed colliding with, by a miracle. For, in his despair, Jumpford had momentarily let go the tiller. He sprang up and again began steering our nautical "perpetual motion."

"O' course, it's quite himma-blooming-terial to *me!*" we heard the bargee say, as we shot past him. "*I* shouldn't 'a' got 'urt, but *your* bloomin' bandbox——." And then his voice died away in the distance, leaving us alone again in our black despair.

"We must go on and on until the motor runs itself out," said Jumpford miserably.

"And how long will that be?" I asked with feverish anxiety.

"Twenty-four hours," was his reply.

I almost fell off the seat.

"Twenty-four hours!" I gasped. "But my train back—— "

"Will go without you," he responded grimly. "We shall have to go round and round this harbour or out to sea——"

"Only with my corpse," I interrupted resolutely, "as a living man I will never permit you to carry me out to sea again. I have 'been there before.'"

"Then," he groaned, "we must go on tearing round and round this place through the dark night and the coming of day."

"And Martin," I added, unable to resist the temptation despite our serious plight.

Jumpford didn't laugh. He never does, except at his own jokes.

In silence, we pursued our endless round. How I grew to hate that harbour! And soon the riding lights began to appear on the shipping at anchor, and the windows and street lamps were lighted up. All looked cheerful around; with us, alone, was desolation.

"And only *we* are pariahs on the face of the earth!" murmured Jumpford tragically.

"Earth! I only wish we *were*. Anywhere on earth would be good enough for me," I answered. "At the present moment I have a positive yearning to be a pariah."

He only groaned once more.

"Look here, Jumpford," I cried in desperation, "there must be a way of turning off this confounded thing. Try the——"

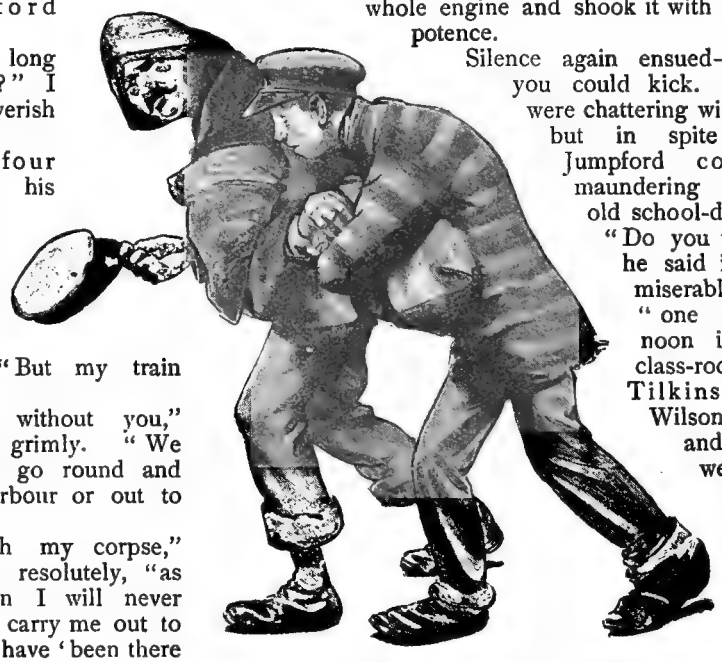
"No use. I tried every single handle, tap, lever, and wheel, before confessing the awful truth to you."

I took the tiller from his shaking hand, and once more he knelt down and pulled, and pushed, and twisted, and turned, and finally, in his desperation, actually seized the whole engine and shook it with furious impotence.

Silence again ensued—a silence you could kick. Our teeth were chattering with the cold; but in spite of this, Jumpford commenced maundering about our old school-days.

"Do you remember," he said in a weak, miserable voice, "one sunny after noon in the old class-room, when Tilkins major, Wilson, Stephens, and the Doctor were standing by the old man's desk, and a sudden peal of thunder ——"

Whop! Bang! CRA-A-SH!



We got ashore finally, about midnight, arrayed in suits of bargee attire.

In an instant we were shot off our seats; there was an awful smashing of timbers—our own—the sound of shouts and trampling on the deck of something looming big and threatening, right up in front of us; and then, the next moment, a plunge into the dark waters. We had run into the identical sailing barge which had so narrowly escaped our attention before!

To me it seemed as though hours elapsed before I returned to the surface of the water, and could take a full breath again. Then I clutched wildly at a rope, thrown from the barge's deck—missed it and was going down again, when a friendly, but painful,

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boat-hook caught me by the waistband of my trousers, and I was hauled aboard the barge, panting and breathless.

As soon as I could, I sat up on deck. And at almost the very same moment another dripping form sat up, a few feet from me. It was that of Jumpford.

The bargee stood regarding us scornfully and with folded arms.

"Well, you're a precious blank pair o' blank beauties, I *don't* think!" he began. "Which o' ye was steering that there band-box, or *thinkin'* 'e wos?" he inquired, with lofty contempt.

I at once hastened to indicate my friend. It pained me to see that Jumpford was by no means in a hurry to adopt the blame of the collision.

"Well, you *must* be—there, I s'pose you'd never been in a boat afore in yer life, 'ad yer?" in pitying tones.

Then Jumpford began to assert himself. Turning to the bargee, he said patronisingly:

"You must have been on your wrong course, my good man, and had no lights burning. I never saw you till you ran me down."

The mariner looked at him, more in sorrow than in anger, as he jerked his thumb over in the direction of his big riding light.

"Run you down, eh?" he snorted. "Why, you 'arf-baked sheep's 'ead, *I was at anchor! me* run *you* down!—well, that takes it!"

I never saw a man "dry up" so rapidly as Jumpford when he heard this. I speak figuratively, for neither of us dried up, in a literal sense, for hours after our immersion. My friend ceased arguing—one cannot very well debate *which* vessel is to blame in a collision which took place when one of them was at anchor—and merely added an inquiry as to the fate of the motor-launch.

"Gone to the bloomin' bottom; sunk like a empty sardine-tin, an' a good job too," was the unfeeling reply.

* * * * *

We got ashore finally, about midnight, arrayed in suits of bargee attire—blue jerseys and ditto inexpressibles, much too large for us. Our own clothes we carried in dripping bundles, under our arms. All the people at the hotel had retired to bed, and the landlord, seeing, as he imagined, a couple of rough-looking boatmen, bade us begone, upbraiding us as drunken revellers disturbing the community at an un-hallowed hour. He also, very rudely, threatened to call the police. After half-an-hour's parley, however, he came down and let us in, grumbling still, and absolutely declining to procure us anything to eat. "And so to bed," as Mr. Pepys would observe, supperless.

And the upshot of it all was that I got an awful "wigging" for not being in my place at the bank next day—although in the frankest possible manner, I explained that Jumpford was alone to blame. I disdain anything in the shape of concealment, so I hid nothing of my friend's culpability. But some people are so unreasonable—especially bank managers—and I was looked coldly on, instead of being petted as a hero. As for Jumpford, he not only has to pay for the total loss of the launch, but the bargee has sent him in a most formidable bill for damage done to his vessel in the collision. Two of the principal items in it run thus:

2 yards and a arf paynt scraped orf...	2lbs.
Shok to my felines	1lb. 10.

And I don't believe the fellow had a single cat on board!

SOMETHING TO LOOK OUT FOR.

With the January Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE commences a new volume, which promises to beat all records for novelty and interest.

In addition to the new Serial, "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," which has just started, and to the extremely interesting series of articles by Miss Olive Christian Malvery, on the life of the poor of London and other great cities, several new features of exceptional interest are introduced. In the first place, Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the famous thought-reader, is contributing a series of reminiscences of his experiences with the many famous people whose thoughts he has read: these include at least a score of Monarchs, and lesser notabilities without number.

A new series of short stories, entitled "The Lady Noggs, Peeress," written by Mr. Edgar Jepson, will be found some of the most entertaining fiction ever published. It will be a surprise if the Lady Noggs does not quickly rival in popularity those redoubted magazine heroes, Capt. Kettle and Sherlock Holmes themselves.

The usual abundance of more than usually excellent Articles and Fiction will make the next volume of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE one of the best yet published. See that you get the January Number on December 31st.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

I'm Mr. X, the Specialist
For 'Hump' in all its stages:
The only thing my patients have
To do 's to read my pages—
So, start at the beginning,
And half-way through you'll find
All your little worries
Left a mile behind.
All your little worries
Left behind a mile—
Read on to the finish,
And you'll finish with a smile.

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X:" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"MR. X'S" MONTHLY PRIZE.
No. 8.

[Answers must be sent in before February 20th, addressed, "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 8."]

"Transpositions" this month. That is, changing one word into another word by changing one letter at a time of the original word and making a word each time. Thus, to change Cat into Dog, we get cat, cot, cog, dog; Cow into Pig—cow, cod, pod, dip, pig; Lamp into Wick—lamp, lame, lime, like, lick, wick. *The order of the letters may be changed.* "Mr. X" this month offers a Prize of Five Shillings to the sender of what are, in his opinion, the best transpositions of (1) Piano into Organ; (2) Flesh into Blood; (3) Black into White; (4) Small into Great; (5) Money into Notes; (6) China into Japan. In addition, competitors must send *three* transpositions of their own making. Of course, only the fewest possible changes must be made, and remember that each change must produce a proper word.

"VERY WELL, DON'T, THEN."

BROWNE: "See here, Greene, my boy, I'll bet you half-a-sovereign that you'll get up from that chair before I've asked you twice."

GREENE (cheerfully): "All right. I'm on." (Seats himself in chair.)

BROWNE: "Come out of that chair."

GREENE (chuckling): "I will not."

BROWNE: "Oh, very well. I don't intend to ask you again. Good-bye. Send along the half-sovereign as soon as you get up, will you?" (Decided irritation of Greene.)

CATS!

MUNDY: "Imagine a four-cornered room In each corner a cat. In front of each cat three cats. A cat sitting on each cat's tail. How many cats altogether?"

GRUNDY: "Twelve—sixteen—twenty-eight cats."

MUNDY: "Wrong; four cats only. Each cat, facing the cat opposite, would naturally have three cats in front of him."

GRUNDY: "H'm. But how about the cat sitting on each cat's tail?"

MUNDY: "Why, each cat was sitting on its own tail."

?

The beginning of eternity,
The e d of time and space,
The beginning of every enterprise,
And the end of vile disgrace.

Answer: The letter "E."

A SOLOMON JUDGMENT.

Two brothers inherited a farm and quarrelled violently as to its division. Now, there lived in their village a certain shrewd and wise old man, noted for the soundness of his advice. Him the brothers determined to appoint arbitrator—whatever he said they would abide by.

They laid the matter before him.

For a long while he thought, then delivered judgment.

"You," said he, pointing to the elder, "shall divide the farm as you think best." (The younger's disgust may be imagined.) "And you," he continued, pointing to the younger, "shall have first choice." (Tableau!)

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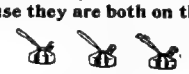
Mental Arithmetic.

Ask a friend to think of any *three figure* number. Now tell him to reverse the figures and subtract the lesser from the greater. Thus, supposing he thought of 678, reversing this would give him 876, and $876 - 678 = 198$. But the point is this. When he has reversed and subtracted, you ask him to give you the last figure of his answer, when you will tell him the whole answer, and this you can do, because the middle figure of his answer will always be nine, whilst the first and last added together will always total nine. Thus, the last figure in the above sum being eight the first will be one.

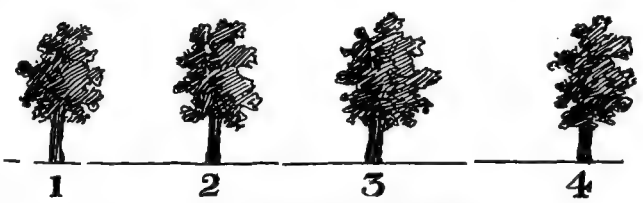
Q. Why is a tramp like a crust of bread?
A. Because they are both on the loaf.



Very Simple.

Larke: "Can you explain this? Four people were invited to a man's house. They went, sat down to play, and played until five in the morning. At last they stopped. One man had made thirty shillings, the others a guinea each."

Clarke: "Nothing very strange about that."



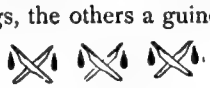
NOT SO SIMPLE AS IT LOOKS.

Sam: "Which of these trees are furthest apart?"
Tom: "The third and fourth, of course."
Sam: "Third and fourth! Why, you must be blind! Surely you can see that the first and fourth are furthest apart!"

Larke: "Ah, but wait a bit. The extraordinary part of the affair is that though all four made money, no one else played with them. They played quite by themselves, and they made no bets. Their host wasn't playing."

Clarke: "But that's impossible. If there were only these four playing cards, one of them must have lost."

Larke: "Cards! Who said anything about cards? They were four musicians invited to play at a dance. The leader was paid thirty shillings, the others a guinea each."



$2 = 3$.

(This simple little truth is of course familiar to every boy and girl, but there may be a few adult readers, whose instruction in arithmetic dates back to Prehistoric times, who might be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statement. For their edification "Mr. X" feels that no apology is needed for publishing this straightforward explanation.)

$$4 - 10 = 9 - 15.$$

$$\text{Therefore, } 4 - 10 + \tfrac{25}{4} = 9 - 15 + \tfrac{25}{4}$$

or putting each side in the form of a square:—

$$\left(2 - \tfrac{5}{2}\right)^2 = \left(3 - \tfrac{5}{2}\right)^2$$

Taking the square root—

$$2 - \tfrac{5}{2} = 3 - \tfrac{5}{2}$$

Therefore $2 = 3$.

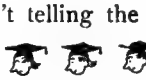
Where is the weak link in the chain of reasoning? Puzzle penknives will be given to the five readers who forward, before February 28th, 1905, explanations of this apparent paradox which, in "Mr. X's" opinion, are the most clearly and lucidly expressed. Mark envelopes "Arithmetic."

Shocking.

George: "What do you make of this, Harold: Charles was out for a walk one day when he made the following remark: 'I have neither aunts nor uncles, I have never had aunts or uncles, yet that man across the road is my cousin.'"

Harold (after much thought): "I give it up."

George: "Charles wasn't telling the truth, that's all."



Justifiable.

Rob: "Oh, I say, have you heard of the man nobody would bury?"

Bob: "Why, no. What was wrong?"

Rob: "He wasn't dead, that's all."

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 5.

RESULT.

In this competition "Mr. X" asked for sentences containing the same word—or words having the same sound repeated several times, the sentences to be grammatical. The answers were, on the whole, very good, the majority of competitors forgetting that their sentences must conform with the rules of grammar. The prize of five shillings goes to Miss K. Ellis, Girls' High School, Turton-on-Trent. Puzzle penknives are awarded to Mr. R. G. Stewart, 3 Hermitage Gardens, Morningside, Edinburgh, and Mr. Richard Dorset, 16, Livingstone Place, Edinburgh.

Here are two amusing examples:

"The hunchback lay on his back, and told the half-back to go to the three-quarter back and tell the full-back to get the ball back; further, to come back, play back, and buck up the other backs."

"How well you bear the bite which the bear gave you on your bare arm barely an hour ago!"

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THE TENTH CARTRIDGE

A War Corresponaent s Story.

By Chas. W. Miller.

Wallace lurched into a corner of the hut, rested his shoulders against the wall, and made himself as comfortable as the thongs with which he was tied would permit.

"Well, Johnson," he said, "I hope you quite realise what an extremely ugly hole we are in?"

"They will make away with the pair of us before sunset," I replied, "and that's a certainty. My only wonder is that these half-baked Koreans haven't assassinated us before this."

"You think the sword is a sure thing, do you? I wish I could comfort myself with that idea. I wouldn't mind a simple passing out. But there are more things in heaven and earth, Johnson——" He broke off and whistled drearily. I moistened my cracked lips, and asked him huskily what he meant.

"Torture, old man. That's what we are saved for, I'm very much afraid. The native Korean is never a gentle-minded animal at the best of times, and this fellow, Chang, is noted as being the most vindictive brute to be found among the officers in charge of the Japanese irregulars. Then, if you will kindly remember how we have evaded the main body of the Japanese forces and succeeded in sending out the details of that Russian massacre, you will see he has got a big bill against us. I understand that he has secret orders to eliminate us, if he can do it without publicity."

"If he thinks the matter over he'll surely realise that he cannot murder two English correspondents without fear of reprisals."

"A lot he cares for that," replied Wallace grimly. "If he puts us out of the way, he knows that it is absolutely certain that he'll never be connected with our disappearance. We'll just vanish from the sight of man that's all. Here we are in the northern end of Korea, when we are supposed to be in Seoul. And we were wanted, you know."

"We thought we had a good chance to score a point off the rest of the fellows."

Wallace laughed, but there was little of mirth in the sound.

"We've certainly scored it," he said. "But here we are, about to pay the piper."

"You take the gloomy view. Now, Chang's face is not altogether cruel."

"He'll prove to be so, all right. I've heard that he is a past master in thinking up new and devilish methods of torturing prisoners. You remember what we heard about the Russian spy. He was buried in an ant hill, I believe."

Involuntarily I shuddered, and the rawhide ropes cut deeper into my wrists and limbs. I had no great dread of being killed in the ordinary way, or I should not have taken such desperate chances in going into northern Korea under such circumstances.

"I suppose there's no chance of rescue?" I sighed.

"None whatever," replied Wallace grimly. "We are in the mountains, fifty miles from the coast, and there's not even a civilised Jap within a score of miles. This fellow, Chang, is absolute in this district, and what he says is law.

A man came into the hut.

"I speak the Englis' a leetle," he announced gravely. "I come to tell you that Chang will try you now. I make talk for you."

A guard of twelve villainous-looking Koreans, armed with rusty guns, had followed the volunteer interpreter into the hut; and

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two of them, while he had talked, had removed the thongs from our limbs. They helped us to our feet, and we walked with them into the dawn outside.

We were escorted along a narrow path skirting the edge of a deep ravine, and presently came upon a more pretentious hut than any we had seen.

Seated upon a rude seat, under a tree, Chang awaited us; a powerfully-built native, with glittering teeth and an ever-present scowl. He stared at us forbiddingly, and the trial, such as it was, began.

I must confess that the proceedings astonished me. Animus there certainly was; the irregular soldiers surrounding us were disposed to give us short shrift through sheer savagery; but their chief insisted on at least some parade of justice.

Chang looked toward us expectantly, then began to pull gravely at a Chinese pipe.

"What you say?" asked the interpreter.

Wallace shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell the old chap that he's got us," he said, with no show of bravado, but even less of fear. "You might tell him, however, that he has two courses open to him, and they are these: Either he can kill us, more or less barbarously, in which case he'll be punished by our Government as sure as there's a British warship afloat, or he can put us up to ransom. Now, neither Johnson nor myself is a rich man; but we rather think the papers we represent will put up any reasonable amount. If General Chang chooses to let us go with sound skins, we can promise him five thousand pounds indemnity. Ask the general how that hits him."

While the interpreter was translating Wallace's speech, the big Korean officer placidly smoked his pipe. Finally he nodded slowly, and began his reply. It was brief and to the point.

"He says he don't care for your threats, nor for your money," droned the interpreter. "He going to have what you call experiment. It be fun for him."

"And like the frog in the fable, it will be death for us, I suppose," muttered Wallace.

"General Chang say he heard Englishmen are good shooters," continued the interpreter, permitting himself a pleased grin. "He going to let you show how good."

Wallace and I exchanged glances.

"What's his game?" asked my companion briefly.

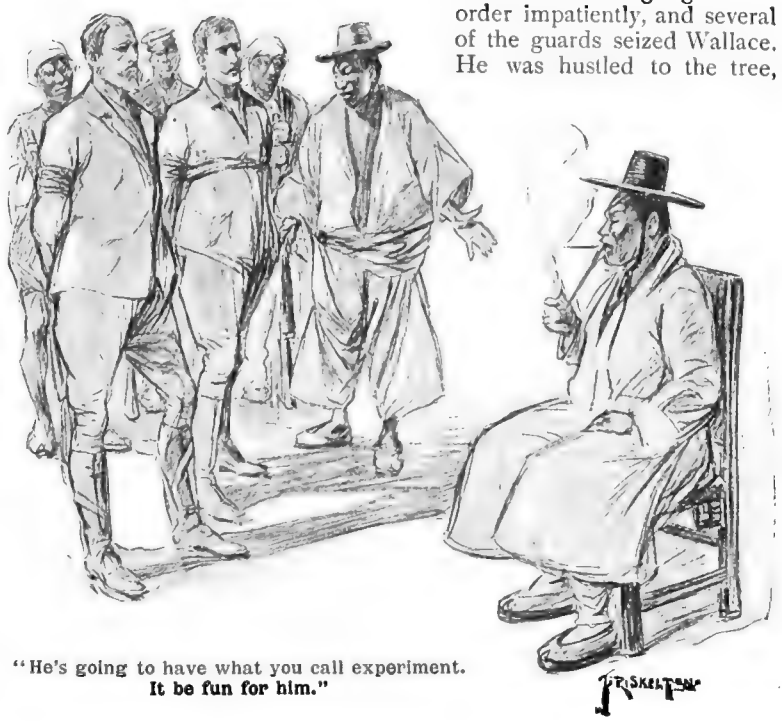
There was more palavering, then the interpreter said:

"He fix one of you to side of that tree with hands tied over head; other one shoot gun ten times from here. If cut rope, both go free. If not cut rope, both be killed. You choose which one shoot; General Chang don't care. Understand?"

"It's a very slight chance, but I suppose there's no alternative," replied Wallace. He turned to me, and added: "You are the better marksman, old fellow. I couldn't hit a barndoor at five paces."

"And I can do little better," I replied, gloomily enough.

General Chang gave an order impatiently, and several of the guards seized Wallace. He was hustled to the tree,



"He's going to have what you call experiment. It be fun for him."

which stood at the very edge of the ravine, and presently I saw my friend trussed up by the wrists until only the tips of his toes touched the ground. The strain must have been extremely painful, but Wallace made no sign.

The Korean beckoned to one of his men, and the fellow came up and cut the lashings from my wrists and elbows. A gun was thrust into my hands, and the interpreter told me to begin.

Now, up to this point, I am free to own that since our capture I had cut a pretty poor figure. I had not shown the white feather; but, at the same time, I had not seen my way to put on Wallace's outward show of careless, brazen courage.

But when I had watched the ruffians tighten on the rope, and almost tear his arms from their sockets, then my coolness returned to me, and my nerves became as steel. The problem that confronted me, however, was not an easy one.

Wallace was forty yards away, and at that distance the rope holding his arms dwindled to the size of a shoemaker's thread. Moreover, the upper two-thirds of it was almost invisible, because it hung before a background of shadows; but the part I could see clearly burnt itself upon my eyesight till all the rest of the world was blotted out in a red haze. I never knew before how thoroughly a man could concentrate himself.

The rifle they had handed me was loaded and cocked. It was a trifle rusty and showed great lack of care, but I could see that it was a serviceable weapon. The sight had been set at a hundred yards, but that did not matter; the elevation was a detail of minor importance.

I lost no time in taking aim and firing. The first shot went wide of the mark, but the second struck the tree directly over Wallace's head. I could see him wince, and it shook my nerves. At the third shot a shout came from the spectators. I had stranded the rope.

Then came a halt in the firing. I handed the gun back to the fellow who was reloading, and somehow or other the exploded cartridge had jammed in the breech.

I saw that Wallace's head, which he had held proudly erect, had drooped. He was fainting with the pain of his position.

I tore the gun from the hands of the Korean who was fumbling with it, and by a supreme effort, succeeded in dislodging the empty cartridge. Then one of the laughing brutes gave me another loaded cartridge, and once more I shouldered the weapon.

The mark was fainter now. The excitement incident to the jamming of the gun had sent a rush of blood to my head, and I could scarcely see. I snapped down the sights, put the butt-plate to my shoulder, and cuddled the stock to my cheek, meanwhile praying with all my heart for calmness. I think that more agony was compressed for me into a few minutes then than most men meet with in a lifetime.

Even the onlooking Korean soldiers were so stirred that, for the first time, their jibing ceased, and two of them, of their own accord, handed me the cartridges.

The perspiration was running in a stream from my chin, although the day was cold. Again I fired. Again the rope was snipped, and I could see the loosened strands ripple out like a snake unwrapping itself from a branch.

Then followed five shots without any result. I fired at random. A belief that nothing could save us from death took possession of me. I had almost lost interest, when the interpreter's droning voice sent a cold thrill through me.

"Your last chance," he said. "One more shot, then, if you no cut rope, you be killed. I think your friend, him dead already. Maybe you shoot him."

The brutal indifference of the tone acted as a spur. It filled me with an overpowering rage. For one second I thought to turn the rifle upon Chang, and to mete out to him the punishment he had prepared for us. Why I did not, I do not know to this day: but I speedily found myself taking careful aim at the slender thread above Wallace's arms.

The little clearing hung in breathless silence. Every eye was strained to see the outcome of the shot.

I fired.

Wallace's body dropped, limp and shapeless, to the ground.

With a cry, I threw the rifle from me and raced across the dust. Only when I reached my friend and bent over him did I hear voices clamouring over my fate.

Then came dully to my ears the voice of the interpreter, saying:

"If your friend no dead, you can go away; but General Chang, he say, if he catch you again he kill sure."

I paid little heed to the words. All my thoughts were of the friend who lay so still and white before me.

I listened for his breaths; they did not

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come. I felt for a heart throb; there was not so much as a flutter. His face was livid. And yet I would not admit, even then, that he was dead.

With a sob, I seized his arms, and moved them first above his head till he looked like a man about to dive, and then clapped them against his sides, repeating this an infinite number of times, praying that the airs I drew through his lungs might blow against some smouldering spark of humanity and kindle it once more to life.

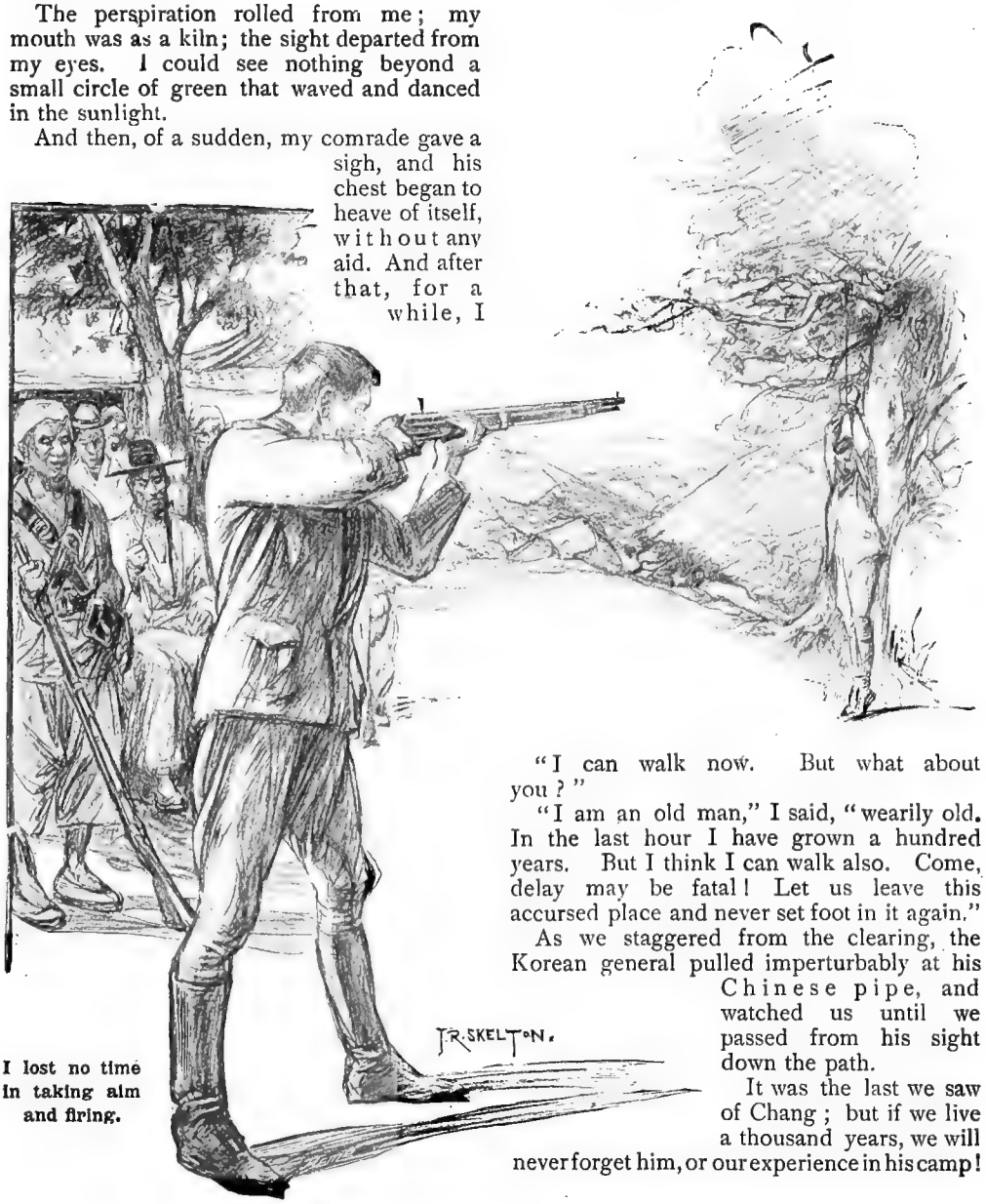
The perspiration rolled from me; my mouth was as a kiln; the sight departed from my eyes. I could see nothing beyond a small circle of green that waved and danced in the sunlight.

And then, of a sudden, my comrade gave a sigh, and his chest began to heave of itself, without any aid. And after that, for a while, I knew little more. When I next came to my senses, Wallace was sitting up with one hand clutching at his throat, looking at me wildly.

"What has happened?" he gasped. "I thought I was dead, and Chang had killed me. Johnson, tell me."

"We are alive," I replied weakly. "The general has kept his word. We can leave here as soon as you can walk."

He rose to his feet, swaying:



I lost no time in taking aim and firing.

"I can walk now. But what about you?"

"I am an old man," I said, "wearily old. In the last hour I have grown a hundred years. But I think I can walk also. Come, delay may be fatal! Let us leave this accursed place and never set foot in it again."

As we staggered from the clearing, the Korean general pulled imperturbably at his Chinese pipe, and watched us until we passed from his sight down the path.

It was the last we saw of Chang; but if we live a thousand years, we will never forget him, or our experience in his camp!

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BACKWARD CHILDREN

An Article that All Mothers should Read.

BY MARGARET HALLAM.

THERE is often one child in a family who is not quite like the others, who seems for some unknown reason to object to growing up on

BREATHING EXERCISE.—The child stands erect, with one hand tucked close to the armpit and the other held over the head. She must then draw a deep breath through the nostrils, breathing it out through the mouth. Reverse the position, doing the exercise six times.

AN ARM EXERCISE.—(1) Standing erect, with chest well thrown out, and heels together, the child moves both arms until her knuckles touch the shoulders. These and the other exercises on the following page are especially excellent for the general development of backward children.

the lines laid down, and carried out successfully, for its brothers and sisters.

There may be nothing very remarkable at first, except that even as a tiny baby it was slow in showing those signs of intelligence which every normal baby ought to show—had a distinct objection to cutting its teeth decently and in order, and declined altogether to walk and talk at an age when its predecessors proudly toddled round the nursery and essayed the holding of conversations consisting chiefly of the words, "man man," "da da," and "bow wow."

(2) At the command "Two!" throw the arms out briskly: "One!" Bring them back to the first position. This exercise should be repeated several times.

Poor little mortal! The fate of a backward child is not an enviable one, for underneath all its little tiresome, untidy ways, it often possesses a very loving, sensitive little heart.

Unless a child is actually mentally deficient, and, therefore, needs treatment that does not come within the scope of an ordinary magazine article, there is no need for the parents to despair, for, with infinite pains on their part, the little one who has started life as

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LEG EXERCISE.—The body should be held erect, and the legs lifted alternately an equal number of times

a very ugly duckling indeed may become transformed into a more than passable swan.

Remember, good food, fresh air, and exercise are the three most important factors in a child's physical well-being, and, we may add, mental well-being as well, for mind and body act and react on each other in no small degree.

See that the children's rooms are bright and snug, for often the best rooms in the house are reserved for the use of visitors, and the little ones are stowed away in cramped quarters.

A backward child, among its tardy developments, is usually very late in cutting its back teeth, and, therefore, will have to be kept on baby food longer than a normal child, for until children can masticate properly, meat, bread, and all those solid foods do infinitely more harm than good.

The mother should, if possible, devote the utmost care to this especial child. It does not do to let a little one who materially differs from its brothers and sisters receive exactly the same treatment as they do. It will soon realise, poor little mortal, that it cannot do quite what the others do, and grow discouraged and become still more backward.

Physical training is one of the first remedies; develop and strengthen the little body, and the little mind will develop in proportion.

Breathing exercises are invaluable; all gymnastics should be preceded by one of these. Let the child stand with one hand tucked close up to the armpit, and the other hand curving over the head. See that the back is flat, and the waist well held in, the heels together, and the head erect. The correct position assured, the little one should take a long breath in through the nose, and breathe out

BODY EXERCISE. — The legs must be kept rigid, the hands placed on the hips, and the body bent first forwards, and then slowly backwards.

ANOTHER BREATHING EXERCISE.—In this exercise the hands are pressed to the waist and the head well thrown back. The breath is drawn gently in and out through the nose, the mouth, meantime, being kept slightly closed.

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through the mouth. Reverse the position of the arms and do the exercise six times in all, holding each arm above the head alternately.

An arm exercise should be done next, of the simplest description. The child should stand up straight with the arms outstretched, and throw them to and fro briskly several times in succession.

Children delight in dancing. A few easy steps can quickly be taught them. Besides being good exercise, dancing improves them in the gentle art of balancing, and teaches them to walk gracefully

The legs should next be lifted, alternately, an equal number of times.

An exercise for the body will complete this little set. The legs must be kept rigid, the hands placed on the hips, and the body bent first forwards, and then gently backwards.

Conclude with a breathing exercise. In this case, the hands may be simply clasped at the waist, the head must be thrown back, and the breath drawn gently in and out through the nose, the mouth remaining slightly closed meantime.

There are various other devices less obvious, but equally successful, for developing and strengthening little capacities. A few easy dancing steps delight the children, and teach the gentle art of balancing, and a clumsy, unsteady gait may be much improved by letting the child walk up and down the garden, or in a long room with a small book poised on its head.

A clumsy gait may be much improved by making the child walk up and down the room, balancing a small book on the head.

Backward children often seem possessed of ten thumbs instead of the usual complement of fingers, and are very slow at learning to use the same with any amount of dexterity. Building card houses is a fascinating amusement, and at the same time cultivates a nicety of touch and a correct eye. An infinite amount of patience will be required, and this is an excellent employment for the father, who surely should bear some of the burden and heat of the day. He has to build and rebuild, showing the child just how to place the cards, and will then have to encourage all the clumsy topply little attempts at imitation.

A man and woman need all the five senses that nature has given them in order to get adequately through life, and yet there are very many people who cannot easily distinguish one colour from another, do not recognise sounds, and are hopelessly out of it where the sense of smell is concerned. All these senses must be cultivated in children, especially in those backward children with whom this article deals.

Backward children are never nimble with their hands. Building card houses is an excellent and delightful form of cultivating dexterity in the fingers.

Let a child turn out a work-basket or drawer of odds and ends, and then make it

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tidy. Teach it the colours of the different reels of cotton, skeins of silk, and then let it look about the room, telling the different colours of various book-covers, cushions, etc., otherwise the words "red" and "green" will become inseparably connected with sewing materials only.

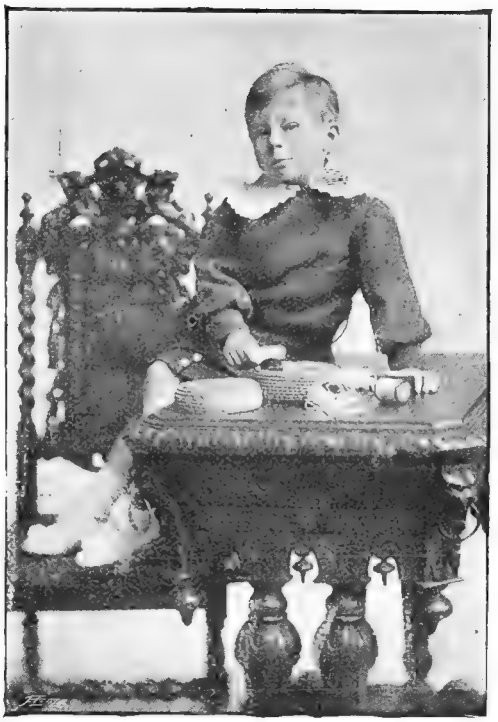
Threading different coloured beads is of use, and the little one may be taught to count at the same time.

A backward child should be taught early to be of use, and should learn how the nursery tea things are dried—(N.B.—It is as well, perhaps, that these should be non-breakable) —the nursery chairs dusted, and so forth.

Later on, when lessons are attempted, these should be of play description, full of interest, and of short duration. I do not recommend class teaching for a backward child. It is sure to be outstripped in the race by others, and so get discouraged and learn next to nothing.

If the schoolroom is imperative, let the little one join those younger and more backward than itself.

I should never begin with reading and writing. Arithmetic, history, and geography should, in my opinion, invariably come first Tell graphic stories, and in history make the heroes and heroines of long ago real living personages. Draw rough pictures of battles, and when facts are thoroughly impressed on the little one's memory, get it to tell you the story the next day.



A knowledge of colours can be taught by letting the little backward one turn out a fancy work-basket full of bright silks. Tell him the colour of each one, and afterwards test his memory by asking him the colours of various objects in the nursery.

A child should be taught early to be of use. There are many small things that a tiny girl may quite easily accomplish, such as drying the nursery tea service and dusting the chairs.

Keeping shops is a delightful way of learning very simple rules of arithmetic; use real money or counters.

Geography is much more exciting with a big tray of sand, some clay, and a jug of water. Make lakes, and rivers, and mountains, and marshes, and peninsulas, and the joy of the children will be great, and they will very soon pick up physical geography.

Finally, remember that all children, and especially backward children, need endless love and encouragement. Praise whenever it is possible, and blame very sparingly.

A backward child very often grows into a much more interesting man or woman than a prodigy, who, after delighting and astonishing its parents during the first few years of its life, finally ends in doing nothing in particular.

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A Delightful Visit to a Friend who had just Moved into the Country.

I HAD had a slight, or nodding, acquaintance with De Broune—his name used to be Brown when I first met him—for some years, but we never became really familiar until last summer, when we found ourselves accidentally quartered at the same hotel on the sunny South Coast, and dining at the same table.

It was then that he waxed so hospitable that even if I had wished it, I could not well have refused his pressing invitation to run down to his new house and stay a week-end there. De Broune called it, with great modesty, I thought at the time, "my little place in Kent."

"No time like the present!" cried he heartily, "so let us name the day—say Saturday week; we shall be comfortably in and settled down by then. Anyhow, you'll take 'pot-luck' with us, won't you?"

"Delighted," I murmured. Condemned to live in town, I greatly affect week-ends by sea or in the country. The club at which I live is comfortable, I must admit, but London on Sundays annoys me, and being somewhat particular about my health, I like to breathe the fresh air on at least two days in the seven.

On the Thursday I received a brief but hearty note from De Broune reminding me of my promise, and telling me of a convenient train. Blogford appeared to be rather an out-of-the-way sort of station, as far as I could make out by the railway time-table; only three trains a day ever called there. De Broune had said that he wanted to get out of the giddy whirl. Blogford seemed to me to meet this requirement entirely.

After a somewhat protracted railway journey—we had to change at four different stations—Blogford was reached at last. It was on this memorable trip that I realised for the first time that Lhassa *might* not be *the* most inaccessible place on earth, after all.

I struggled out on to the platform and looked about in vain for any sign of De Broune or his groom. My luggage was put out of the van and the train moved off. I watched its departure with a strange sinking of the heart. I felt as though I had now burnt my boats behind me, and was face to face with the great unknown.

Then I accosted the porter-ticket-collector-stationmaster (there was only one of him) and asked in a voice which struggled to be brave:

"Er—is there a carriage of any sort waiting to take me to The Pleasaunce? Mr. De Broune's place, you know!"

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The porter part of this conglomerate creature touched its cap and eyed my luggage in expectancy of a job; whilst the ticket-collector element manifested itself in the shape of a hand outstretched for my "first single," and the stationmaster in him spoke authoritatively, saying:

"No, sir. No carriage waitin'. No such name as De Broune known here. Must be a stranger."

"He is. He has just taken a new place—The Pleasaunce. Where is The Pleasaunce?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, sir. Never heard of it. Bill," this to a countryman struggling with an empty milk can, "Ever heard o' Mr. Dee Broune, or a place called The Pless-sance?"

Bill scratched his nose with a pensive air and the end of his right forefinger.

"Just come here to live," went on the stationmaster encouragingly.

A light seemed to break in upon Bill's "think-tank."

"Whoy, that must be the gent as is movin' in——"

"To The Pleasaunce?" I inquired interrupting him.

"To Hogg's Farm, up atarp o' Crockham Mount," he continued. "But I don't know o' no pless-sance nowhere. P'raps the gent 'ave give Hogg's a noo name like."

Perhaps he had. It was rather humiliating—somewhat of a "come-down," from The Pleasaunce to plain "Hogg's Farm," but I thought that this would be the most probable solution.

Just as I was about to put a further question or two, to my great relief, De Broune himself, red in the face, flurried and almost breathless, burst through the gate on to the platform.

"Can't say how sorry I am to be so late, my dear fellow," he gasped. "Ran all the last mile—all down hill, luckily. *Un*luckily, you'll say, I'm afraid, as you'll have to walk all the way up it. Don't mind a bit of a pull, do you?"

I *did* mind it, very much—hate walking along muddy roads, and the weather, moreover, looked very threatening. But what could I say?

"How about the luggage—" I began rather disconsolately; "can't we get a cab or——"

He burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow, there's no such thing ever been seen in Blogford! But what luggage is there? Two hand-bags, a coat, stick, and umbrella. H'm—well, after all, that's not much for you and me between us, is it? I'll take this bag" (selecting the smaller one) "and you collar hold of the other, and the little things—that's all right. Now come on—this way—yes, those flints *are* trying to one's boots, but there's not more than two hundred yards to walk on them. Then we get out into the lane, walk up that for a mile and a half, and then we can take a short cut through some fields which will bring us to the main road. Then it's pretty plain sailing till we get to the field path which——"

"But," I exclaimed, somewhat dismayed, "er—how far is The Hog—The Pleasaunce, I mean?"

"Oh, not very far, not very far!" he rejoined cheerily. "Just a pleasant walk, you know—at least I hope it's going to be pleasant, but—what a confounded nuisance! it's just begun raining."

We set our burdens down (in the mud) and turned up our collars. Then I put on my coat and hoisted my umbrella. Two minutes later I had to put it down again, as a violent gust of wind almost turned it inside out.

Then we picked up the baggage and silently trudged on, splashing through the puddles and spurting the muddy water up into our own faces as we walked. We struggled up an almost interminable lane, fell over a stile, and started to cross a fallow field, already ankle deep; then the light began to fail rapidly. I never knew darkness come on with such unwonted—and unwanted—suddenness.

My host, still in a spirit of *insouciant* optimism, observed cheerily:

"Sorry you can't see more of the country."

I replied somewhat acidly that the amount of country I *had* seen fully satisfied my needs and aspirations. I was not taking any more country just at that juncture.

This damped De Broune's spirit as effectively as the rain was wetting his body. I admit to an unholy joy in seeing that he had neither umbrella nor coat. But even this satisfaction was denied me after my momentary triumph, for De Broune, in the most matter-of-fact manner, coolly observed:

"Oh, as you've got a coat, you won't be wanting that umbrella. You'd better lend it to me!"

I lent it him in silence. I fervently hoped it would blow inside out. But, of course, it did nothing of the sort.

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He placed a hand on my shoulder so heavily, that on the greasy, wet chalk, my heels suddenly slipped up, and I sat, with fearful violence, on the miry ground.

"There's a bit of chalky land we're just coming to—in the dark you'll hardly be able to see it. It's rather slippery—ah, we're just on it now. And there, my boy, are the lights of The Pleasaunce. Look!" and he placed a hand on my shoulder so heavily, that on the greasy, wet chalk, my heels suddenly slipped up, and I sat, with fearful violence, on the miry ground.

I did not say anything. I only *thought* it.

For about another mile we stumbled on, over ridge and furrow, occasionally splashing through a muddy pool by way of varying the monotony. Then we emerged once more on the high road, climbed an almost interminable hill, and arrived opposite the door of The Hog—of The Pleasaunce, I mean.

I mentally re-named it The Unpleasaunce.

Ushered into the hall, I knocked my head sharply against a low oaken beam, and on recovering myself, was formally introduced to Mrs. De Broune and four small De Brounes—all of the feminine persuasion—and it struck me that my hostess was hardly looking forward to the idea of entertaining a visitor with undiluted pleasure.

Personally, I felt somewhat awkward and embarrassed—chiefly on account of my appearance. The clay in which I had sat adhered pertinaciously to my clothing, and I had to be careful not to turn my back on Mrs. De Broune even for a moment. She shook hands, looked dubiously at me and said:

"I am afraid you will have to take us in the rough, Mr. Clubman"—my name is Augustus Clubman, very much at the reader's service.

Before I could reply, De Broune struck in cheerfully:

"That's just what these town-bred gentlemen like, my dear. They find nothing more enjoyable than taking pot-luck, eh, Clubman?"

Very nice of him, of course—cordial, and so forth; but—well, in accepting the invitation, I don't know that I quite contemplated staying at a house before even the carpets were down.

"Come along, and I'll show you your room," said De Broune, grabbing one of my Gladstone bags—again the smaller of the two—and leaving me to struggle upstairs with the heavier one and the rest of my impedimenta.

At the head of the staircase, which was in comparative darkness, my genial host suddenly disappeared from sight, tripping over a roll of cocoanut matting, and sprawling face downwards on the floor. Just as I was about to enjoy a hearty laugh over his downfall—for I have a keen sense of humour—I myself most unfortunately fell over the same obstacle, and landed, together with my Gladstone bag—this time I was pleased it *was* the heavier of the two, as it served to break my fall—right on the top of his prostrate form.

I must confess that I failed to see the joke when De Broune rather vulgarly guffawed at the incident. Some people are naturally brutal, and, as Rochefoucauld, the great French philosopher, observes, "Nothing gives one more pleasure than the misfortunes of one's friends." This, naturally, only applies to selfish men, and I fear I must class De Broune in that category.

"This is your room, my boy," exclaimed he, throwing open the door of a squalid, carpetless apartment, containing a narrow painted wooden bedstead and one chair. "Obliged to put you here, as the second van-load hasn't arrived with the spare room furniture. Annoying, isn't it? But I know you like roughing it."

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I like nothing of the sort, and I thought it an unwarrantable liberty for De Broune to take when he made this mendacious assertion. Hate "roughing it"!

"Hope you've brought your own soap, old chap, as there's positively not a bit in the house to spare. There's a new box coming on Monday."

How on earth the "new box coming on Monday" (when I should be gone) could interest *me*, I failed to grasp. Meantime, as I had *not* brought any soap, it seemed that I should have to go without. Very unpleasant prospect, indeed!

"Here's one of the servant's towels," he went on, handing me a coarse-fibred thing as rough as a rasp; "afraid it's the only one I can lay hands on to-night. However, we shall be all straight, I hope, early next week."

Again, why make these idiotic observations concerning what was to be after I had left? Came reluctantly to the conclusion that De Broune must be a monumental ass!

"Is there anything more you want, old chap?" he asked, preparing to go.

Anything *more!* The unconscious irony of it almost made me laugh as I looked round at the one bedroom chair, the coarse towel, the empty soap-dish, the curtainless window, the uncarpeted floor. Anything *more!* I smiled grimly, and replied that I thought I could manage, and my host disappeared.

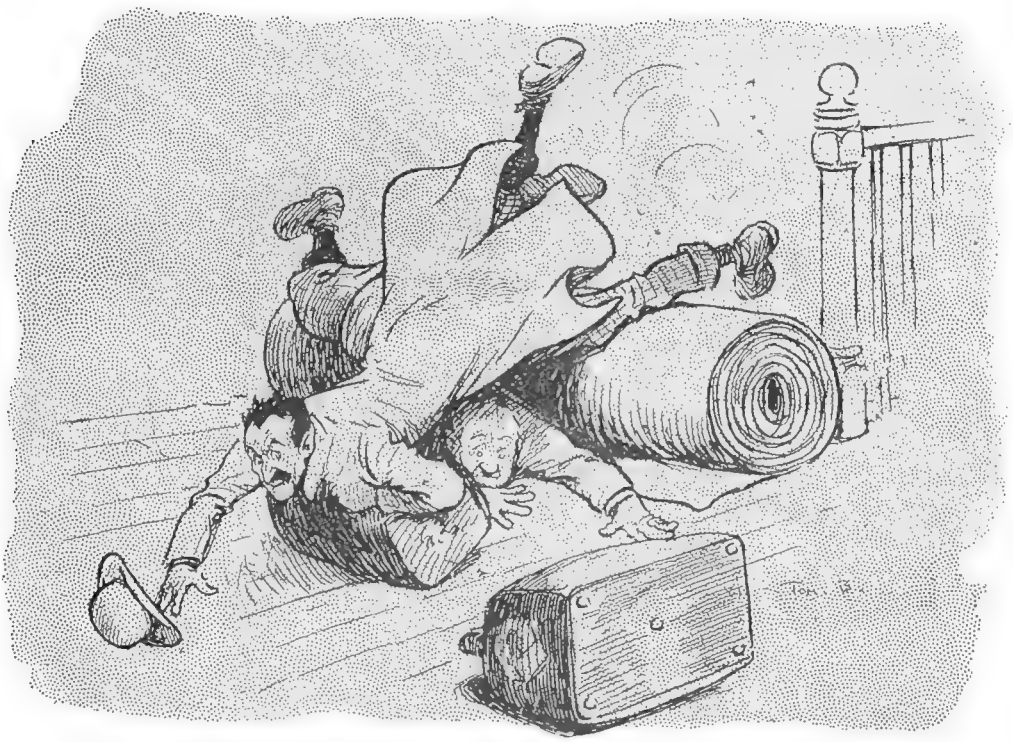
I shall never know how I contrived to dress for dinner that night. It was a strange, weird process, but I managed to struggle down to the dining-room at eight o'clock. And, in spite of the discomforts of the situation, I was feeling quite ready to do justice to the meal.

My hostess looked worried as time went slowly on till the clock announced the half-hour. At twenty-five minutes to nine a heated-faced parlour-maid, with a smut on one cheek and her cap all awry, announced that dinner was served.

We went in—I in a positively starving condition—and the soup was placed on the table.

Hungry as I was, one spoonful sufficed me. I think it must have been of the *tutti frutti* order—compiled with banana skins, orange peel, cigar ends, and anything else which the cook was able to lay hands on conveniently. I "passed."

"Sorry you don't like the soup, my boy," said De Broune, "because we've got no fish for you to-night. I believe it was ordered,



I myself most unfortunately fell over the same obstacle, and landed, together with my Gladstone bag . . . right on the top of his prostrate form.

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but never turned up. You see, everything's at sixes and sevens just for the time being; but we shall be all straight by this time next week."

I felt that if he said this again I should shriek. Meantime, I was feeling positively famished, and smiled almost genially when the joint was brought in.

Mary Jane whisked the cover off, and disclosed something which I at first mistook for a partially-burnt hearthrug. Then I saw that my conjecture must be a wrong one; on a closer inspection I saw that the article before us was apparently the charred remains of an old accordion.

Even De Broune's optimism bade fair to break down at the sight of this mystic dish.

"My dear—" he began dubiously; but my hostess immediately cut in with:

"Yes, I'm afraid the lamb is a little overdone. My cook does not yet know how to manage the new range."

And the look of the joint fully corroborated her assertion.

We gnawed portions of the alleged lamb in silence. It was not nice, and I thought the amount of cinders quite out of proportion to the quantity of edible matter contained in the dish. But by this time I was getting more used to the manners and customs of The Pleasaunce.

It was thirsty work, however, and more than once I glanced furtively round the table in search of some liquid sustenance. De Broune evaded my roving eye for some time, then, putting a bold face on it, he turned to me and said:

"Fact is, my dear fellow, the wine hasn't turned up yet. Nuisance, isn't it?"

I thought it was. But I preserved a strict silence—nay, I even tried to smile.

"We've very good water here. That's one comfort," he added.

"Think so?" I replied dubiously. The subject of water—except when labelled "For outward application only"—failed to interest me.

After a somewhat awkward pause my host, suddenly struck by a happy thought, exclaimed:

"Ah! I know what you'd like, Clubman—something, too, that we *can* give you—some of the children's gingerade. Jane, two bottles of gingerade for Mr. Clubman."

"Heaven forbid!" I murmured piously, at the dread thought of pitting my gastric juices against this high explosive. I hope I am prepared to die as a brave man should—but a lingering death, accompanied by the internal suffering one might reasonably expect after so rash a deed as consuming "gingerade," I not unnaturally shrank from.

"Thank you, I will take a little water," I said; and then, addressing Mary Jane, who came round with the jug, I continued: "Pour it out with a head to it, please."

We finished the meal in comparative silence. It was not a successful dinner—rather lacking in "go" I thought.

As soon as Mrs. De Broune had left us, my host rose and fetched a fresh box of very long cigars.

"Afraid you haven't enjoyed your dinner, my dear fellow. You see, we're very much in the rough, so to speak, just at present, but——"

"But next week—when I've gone"—I interrupted eagerly, for I felt that my nerves would not stand the strain of his ceaseless repetition any more that night—"You'll be all straight, yes, I know—very interesting and so forth."

De Broune nodded cheerily.

"You've hit it exactly. And now, my dear boy, I want you to try this new box of 'Oderados.'"

Never lacking in personal courage, I took an "Oderado," and bravely set fire to it.

We smoked for a few minutes in silence, and then he said, alluding to my cigar:

"What do you think of it? They say that it's impossible to get any more like them in England."

I was not sorry to hear this. It struck me that a little "Oderado" went a very long way. After puffing a minute longer, I quietly let it go out, and wiped away a certain clamminess which had gathered on my forehead.

Unfortunately for me, my host noticed that I had ceased smoking, and said:

"You want a light."

I didn't. But I had to suffer in the cause of politeness, and struck a match—with considerable reluctance — and re-lit that agglomeration of monkey's fur and alum, mis-called a cigar. De Broune himself was smoking a cigarette. Happy De Broune!

I think he must have begun to suspect that there was little in common between me and that cigar, for he added:

"Perhaps they want keeping?"

I thought they wanted throwing away. But I did not speak.

He became quite anxious on the subject.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of it," he ventured tentatively. The cigar was a

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perfect dream—a nightmare, I added, *sotto voce*, letting the "Oderado" die out.

I will draw a veil over the next half-hour.

Weak and dispirited, I early sought my coal-stuffed couch—at least, I think it was stuffed with coals—if not, it was half bricks. De Broune accompanied me upstairs with a commiserating air and half a candle stuck in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle.

"A nip of brandy is what you want, my dear fellow," he said.

"Yes, thanks, I will," I faintly murmured.

"Unluckily, the brandy is with all the rest of the wine—we haven't a drop in the house. However, it'll be here next week."

I groaned in anguish of spirit—or want of spirit, more correctly speaking. De Broune drifted out of the room, and I commenced the process of tossing about on the alleged bed, a form of exercise which, with brief intermissions, continued all night.

How I ever lived through the time which ensued until the following Monday morning I shall never know. As to the indignities and discomforts I endured, their name was legion. But when, at length, I stood on the front steps bidding my host farewell preparatory to starting back to town, I could have shouted for very joy.

"Goodbye, Clubman, my boy—delighted to have had you with us. My wife and I hope——"

But what the De Brounes' hopes might be on this particular subject was destined to be hidden from me for ever; for, just at that moment, a hissing sound saluted my ears, and then a perfect avalanche of soapy water fell, with almost stunning effect on my head and shoulders. The newly-fixed waste-pipe from the bath had failed to act, and—and I was the victim!

My already overwrought feelings gave way beneath the strain of this last crowning indignity. With a dismal shriek, I turned and fled.

Hatless, and bursting with indignation, I tore down the road, refusing to stop, in spite of De Broune's frenzied shouting to me. His excitement communicated itself to the collie dog, which joined in the chase, and, to my exceeding dolour, made repeated grabs at my legs.

But still I ran on and on, with the strength lent me by despair. Faintly, and still more faintly, I caught a word, a disjointed sentence, hurled after my flying form—

"Hi—stop . . . my dear boy . . . let me . . . explain . . . Bath . . . not quite fixed . . . but . . . *everything all right . . . next . . . wee—ee—k!*"

I heeded not. Pursued to the bitter end by the too faithful hound, I sped on until, ten yards from the station, the brute made a wild leap at me, and, doing a "best on record," I rushed wildly on to the up platform, wearing a collie dog firmly attached to my coat. The porter, the ticket-collector, the station-master, and a few yokels waiting for the train hastened to detach this—well, this "friend of man" from my clothes. I regret to say that my miserable plight caused no little guffawing among those gathered on the platform. Foreigners say that Englishmen are the worst mannered people on earth. Being patriotic I used to scout the idea. I don't now.

However, the train coming in shortly afterwards, I was enabled to reach London once more, saved, but with my nerves entirely shattered for ever.

Hatless, and bursting with indignation, I tore down the road, refusing to stop, in spite of De Broune's frenzied shouting to me.

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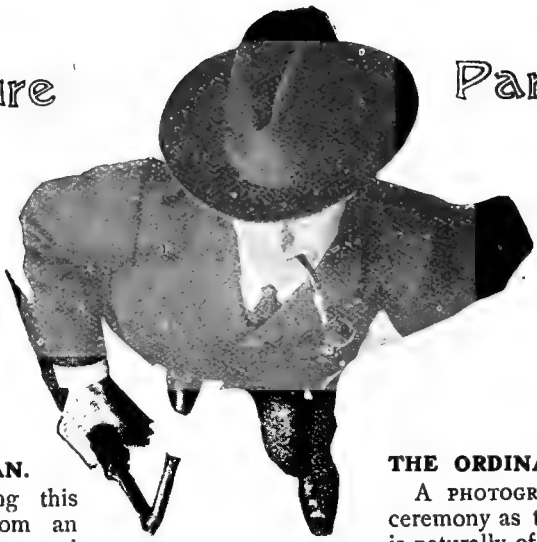
Picture Paragraphs.



Man — from a high point of view.

The Editor Invites all Amateur Photographers to Contribute to this Feature.

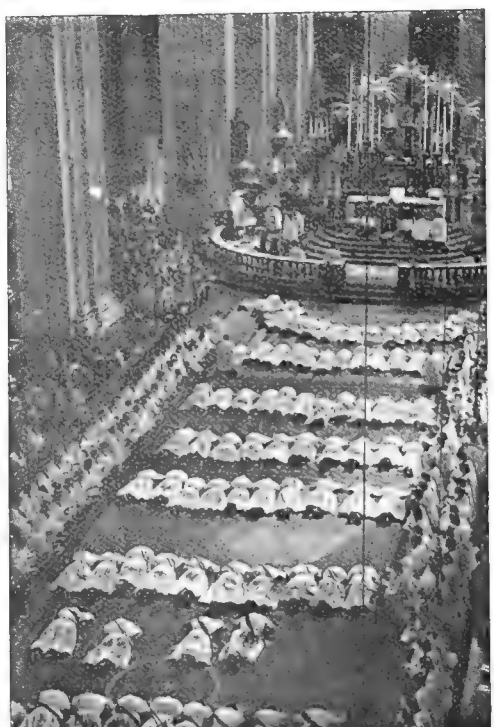
MERELY A MAN.

THE picture heading this page was taken from an upper-storey window, and merely shows how a man appears to the camera from this elevation.

Of course, to you, looking down from a similar position, a man walking in the street would not appear so outrageously distorted as the photograph endeavours to make us believe.

Still the camera cannot be accused of deception. Unlike your eyes, the lens, which is really the eye of a camera, has no brain behind to guide it. The utmost it can do is to portray faithfully whatever stands before it. Your eyes convey a picture to your brain similar to that which the lens carries into the camera.

Now comes the deception—and it is on your part. When your brain receives this impression, it refuses to believe that anything could possibly appear so grotesque, and so sets to work, turning the figure into what we are accustomed to call a more "conventional shape."



Neophytes, or newly-ordained priests, prostrating themselves before the Cardinal Archbishop at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Sulpice, Paris.

THE ORDINATION OF PRIESTS.

A PHOTOGRAPH of so solemn a ceremony as that represented below is naturally of considerable interest.

Here is shown the interior of the beautiful church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, filled to overflowing with worshippers before the altar. The occasion is the ordination of priests from the Roman Catholic College of St. Sulpice, which takes place every year on the last day of December.

The ceremony on the particular instance that this picture presents was of more than usual interest, as no fewer than one hundred and seven neophytes were ordained.

The neophytes, or young priests, are shown prostrated at the feet of the Cardinal Archbishop at that part of the service known as *La Prostration*.

As may be supposed, the ceremony is of a most solemn and impressive character. According to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, the endowment of holy orders is sacramental, and cannot therefore be forfeited.

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A FELINE PHOTOGRAPHER.

THIS merry group was photographed by a cat. Most people, when they take a snapshot, do not appear in it themselves. But not so Mistress Pussy. She stands out boldly in the foreground, on hind legs, be it observed.

No doubt the mystery of the cat's becoming photographer has been already solved by our readers. But lest there should be any doubt, here is the explanation.

This merry group was taken by a cat. Puss can be seen in the foreground in the act of grabbing the strings that released the shutter of the camera.

The owner of the camera, wishing to appear in the photograph, devised a plan that would enable him to do so. Having fixed the camera securely to its stand, he attached strings to the shutter sufficiently long for him to take his position in the group, whilst still holding them.

Just when the photographer was about to pull the strings, thus releasing the shutter, Puss appeared on the scene. The sight of two pieces of twine dangling overhead proved too strong for the cat to resist, and she made a grab at them. A sharp click followed, and the photograph was taken.

A NOVEL RAFT.

THE dusky little Hindoo, squatting comfortably in the centre of the gigantic leaf, looks as if he were doing the most ordinary thing in the world. No doubt he would like to cut the leaf from its stem, and go "Robinson Crusoe-ing" around. And so he might, were it not that the waters around are so crowded with leaves that such a feat would be quite impossible.

This great water plant, one of whose leaves would form an admirable sponge-bath, is known as the *Victoria Regia*, having received its name in compliment to Queen Victoria. It grows to a great size in the Government and People's Park, Madras, at which place the photograph was taken.

One can imagine what an extraordinary sight this giant of the vegetable kingdom presents, with its enormous leaves, some over ten feet in diameter, floating, like great, green tea-trays upon the surface of the water. As the edge of each leaf turns up, forming a rim some three or four inches in depth, they are capable of supporting considerable weight.

A photograph, taken in the Government and People's Park, Madras, of the giant water plant, *Victoria Regia*. The leaves grow to an enormous size, and are capable of supporting a great weight.

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Parisians flying huge inflated figures in the Parc des Princes.

FRANCE'S LATEST FAD.

We do not venture to set up this pastime as a rival to football. Far from it. The weird scene above simply shows how the fashionable Parisian amuses himself in the parks.

At the present time the craze is for figures that fly, or rather float for a short while in the air. Such toys are called pneumatics, and have many advantages that appeal to the vivacious Frenchman. In the first place, no harm can come to the players; no barked shins, no broken collar-bones, fractured skulls, black eyes, and all such countless trifles, incidental to the football field. Even should one of the huge figures, with its portly, striped body and red scarf, suddenly alight on the head of its owner, it would do him no harm, for they are nearly as light as the air itself.

The slightest upward push sends them soaring skyward, tumbling about their ungainly bodies in the most grotesque fashion.

At the Parc des Princes, the scene of our picture, large numbers of Parisians may be seen flying these weird, balloon-like figures. The sight is indescribably funny, and attracts large and fashionable crowds.

MUTTON *AD LIB.*

Sheep in these numbers are never seen upon an English road. But the flock shown below is in no way out of the ordinary—in New Zealand. There, vast numbers are reared on the rich pastures for exportation to the British Isles.

New Zealand might be described as the greatest sheep-fold in the world. A few figures will prove this. Between 1880-1902, 77,373,657 carcasses were imported by the United Kingdom from all parts of the world. Out of this huge supply New Zealand contributed 36,668,644, or nearly one-half.

The flock here shown is moving towards the nearest railway station, preparatory to being despatched to one of the large Freezing Company's Works, for slaughter and exportation to this country.

Before shipment, every carcase is carefully examined by a qualified veterinary surgeon appointed by the Administration, who places a Government tag, signed by himself, on all that he passes. Without this mark no carcase is permitted to leave the Colony. Thus, New Zealand exports only her very best to feed the Mother Country.

Photo by *Mitchell, Ashburton.*

A flock of sheep in New Zealand being driven to the works of a large Freezing Company, there to be slaughtered and exported to England

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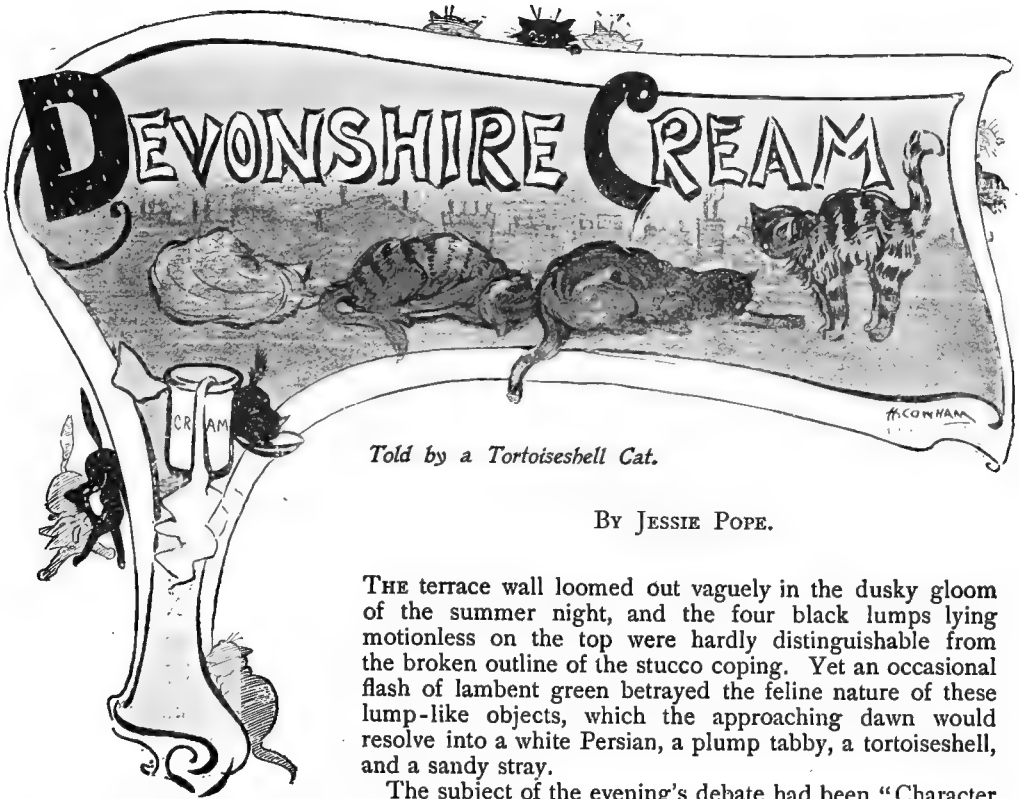


Told by a Tortoiseshell Cat.

By Jessie Pope.

The terrace wall loomed out vaguely in the dusky gloom of the summer night, and the four black lumps lying motionless on the top were hardly distinguishable from the broken outline of the stucco coping. Yet an occasional flash of lambent green betrayed the feline nature of these lump-like objects, which the approaching dawn would resolve into a white Persian, a plump tabby, a tortoiseshell, and a sandy stray.

The subject of the evening's debate had been "Character as Opposed to Claws," but the general interest was waning when the white Persian remarked:

"They do say that cats take their character from the people they live with—now *I* have found it just the reverse."

"True, indeed," assented the tortoiseshell, who was brisk and brainy; "for instance, my people were never great fish eaters before I went to them. Now we have it four times a week, and twice on Fridays."

"After all," remarked the plump tabby, who found the coping none too broad, "I am inclined to think that fish is overrated as an article of diet, or else I am becoming converted to the gaminess of this New Zealand mutton. It's a positive fact, that nowadays I can never decide at dinner whether to go out with the fish or stay in with the meat."

"And what do you do?" asked the stray, with pathetic interest.

"I get shut in the door generally," replied the fat tabby; "however, if I make enough noise they pour me out a drop of cream—and give me cream before all the fish and meat in the world—Devonshire for choice."

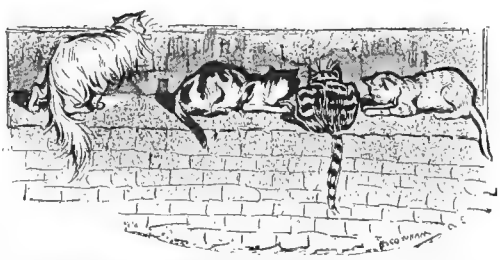
"Ah!" said the tortoiseshell, "that reminds me of a nice mess my master got himself into once with some Devonshire cream."

"Did he tread in his saucer?" inquired the white Persian, but she was withered by such scorching glances that she retired further down the wall.

"No. It was some we had sent up from the country, that, unfortunately, got left next door by mistake. It made a great impression on me, as you may imagine, and in fact——"

Here he was interrupted by a confused chorus of questions.

"Did they eat it?"



The white Persian retired further down the wall.

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"Did you get it back?"

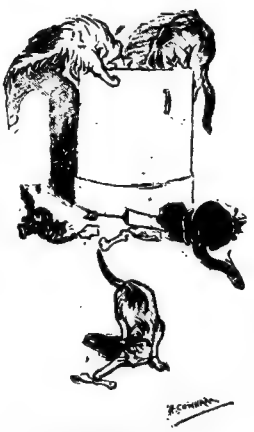
"Did the next-door cat have any?"

"Less of it!" exclaimed the tortoiseshell impatiently. "You're like a lot of splay-legged kittens with your questions. If you'll give me a chance I'll tell you the whole story, but I must have no interruptions."

He paused; breathless silence reigned, so he took up the thread of his narrative.

"And, in fact, that Devonshire cream was the turning point of my master's life."

"Did it go sour, then?" exclaimed the white Persian involuntarily.



"We keep the most bountiful dust-bin."

"I live, as you know," resumed the tortoiseshell, "at No. 1, the corner house of the terrace, where, I think it is generally admitted, we keep the most bountiful dust-bin in the neighbourhood."

He paused, and there was a subdued murmur of assent, and the white Persian was heard to burst into a retrospective purr.

"At the time of which I speak, our family was away at the sea, with the exception of myself and my young master, who was preparing for an examination, with my assistance; and what with sitting on his writing, when he mislaid the blotting paper, and punishing the sheets that fluttered to the floor, we got through an immense amount of work in the course of the morning.

"I can't quite say how old my master was at the time, for, though he was quite full-sized, he was still interested in catapults, and, unfortunately for me, there was another tortoiseshell cat in the neighbourhood, and mistakes occurred—mistakes which caused me considerable suffering. However, I am pretty sure he was not as old as his father, for though he was taller he used to eat toffee in bed, a habit I have never discovered in the old gentleman.

"I jumped on his shoulder."

"One morning I found my young master reading a letter at breakfast with so much interest that I jumped on his shoulder to see the news, and found that our Aunt Alice, of Taunton, was sending us a large jar of Devonshire cream, packed in a basket-hamper.

Master immediately rang the bell and said:

"'Where's the cream?'

"'Which cream, sir?' said Mary in her stupid way.

"'The Devonshire cream.'

"'There ain't none, sir.'

"My face fell, and I daresay master's did the same.

"'Yes, yes,' he said impatiently; 'it was to come by this morning's post, packed in a small hamper.'

"'Lor'!' cried Mary, 'then it's gone next door. I see the postman take them a little 'amper. Next door's got it, sir, like the 'lobsters!'

"Now it happened that a very eccentric old person lived next door who was taking care of the house until her master, a foreign gentleman, arrived from abroad. She was rarely to be seen and never answered the door to anybody but the postman; and when the fine lobsters, intended for No. 5, were left there by mistake they were never heard of again, nor could their owner obtain any response to his inquiries.

"This was serious news indeed, and when Mary was sent next door to investigate, and returned without any success, my master pushed away his plate in disgust, and I had hardly the heart to jump on the table and finish his breakfast for him.

"The weather was warm. The postman would not be round again till evening, to put the matter right—and by that time the cream might be sour; these were the subjects of my master's study in the library that morning, while I wandered aimlessly about, unable even to sleep, for the servants were attacked by one of their periodical fits of frenzy that morning, scratching the carpets and bruising the furniture, and twitching my favourite cushions from beneath me just when I was dozing.

"Weary of domesticity and full of yearnings for the wild, which always overtake me at these times, I wandered down the garden path, and was not a little surprised to encounter my master, who was stationed at the lowest part of the wall glaring at the next-door house with a hungry scrutiny. A desolate place it was—the blinds drawn down and the windows all closed except one belonging to a small outbuilding; and as my master's glance fell upon that one he started

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as if he had been shot. It was evidently an outside larder, and on the shelf close to the window stood *our basket-hamper of Devonshire cream.*

"My master, with a very stern and resolute expression, strode round to the front door of No. 2 with me at his heels.

"The bell was broken and the knocker had been removed, but he managed to make a fair amount of noise with his walking-stick handle and a stone. But the only result was the small crowd of people which gathered outside the gate.

"My master was obliged to retire, crestfallen and sore at heart. I went back to the wall and watched the larder-window, and presently my master joined me.

"'I tell you what it is, Tiddle-ums,' he said (that's my Christian name, by the way), 'that's my cream, and I'm going to have it. The old thief can't eat it all—it would kill her, anyhow, and I hope it may. But I shan't give her the chance; it's my property, and I'm justified in the eye of the law in taking possession of it.'

"At that moment he caught sight of a label fixed to the hamper, on which was printed in ominous black letters the word 'PERISHABLE.'

"It was the last straw, and the next minute my master had dropped lightly on the ground the other side of the wall and was standing beneath the larder-window. There were bars across, too close to let the basket through, so he tried the door close by, disappeared within, and immediately afterwards emerged with the hamper in his hand.

"He looked defiantly round, as if waiting for a challenge, but as none came, he slowly returned over the wall, and then bounded up to the library with me in close attendance.

"A dreadful disappointment awaited us—for on opening our hard-won prize, we found—not cream at all, but layer upon layer of large ripe strawberries.

"Now strawberry plants are all very well to lie on in the sun, but I have no use for the fruit as food, and while we were both staring at them perplexed and upset, there came a double knock at the door, and Mary met my master, who had rushed out on the landing, with a smile on her face and in her hand the real hamper of cream, which it seems had been delayed in transmission and sent up by special messenger.

"If my master had taken my advice he would have made sure of some of that cream before further accidents might happen; but instead of doing so, with a pale frightened face he set to work to tie up the other hamper, and avoiding the servants, returned to the garden. When I got down there, after an ineffectual attempt on the lid of the cream jar, I found he was already

"'Next door's got it, sir, like the lobsters!'"

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over the wall and creeping guiltily back to the next-door larder. I followed him in, and just as he was replacing the hamper exactly where he found it, we heard a little noise behind, and there at the door appeared the grim face of a horrid old woman.

"We made a movement towards her, but as we did so she slammed the door in our faces and turned the key.

"'Now I've got you, my fine feller?' she cried. 'Just you wait a bit,' and we heard her shuffling footsteps retreating to the house.

"To judge from his muttered exclamations when we found ourselves thus imprisoned, my master's feelings were anything but comfortable. Personally I have been in more uninteresting surroundings, for the air was full of the refining influence of two raw bloaters on a plate, and on a lower shelf I came across a beefsteak pie, which, if not quite up to our standard, did very well to pass the time.

"I came across a beefsteak pie."

"Presently we heard the shuffling footsteps return, accompanied by other lighter ones, and the sound of a pair of steps being placed against the larder window.

"'Oh don't, don't go!' cried the old woman's voice entreatingly. 'Likely as not he's got a gun and will shoot your face in.'

"It was a girl's voice that answered, soft and rather deep, but with a curious manner of saying her words.

"'But what for should 'e do that, Lizabet?' she said. 'I 'ave not 'armed 'im.'

"'You don't know what these 'ere tramp fellers are like, mamzelle. Oh, *don't* risk your precious life, lovey. I've guarded you night and day since you came, as I promised your dear pa-pa, and now you'll be murdered by a burglar. Mussoo will never forgive me.'

"'Ah, but I will just look one peep, and I will remove as soon as he shoot,' and next moment a face appeared at the window, and a very pretty face, too, as girls' faces go.

"'Ah! Ciel!' she cried sharply; for master's face was close to the window, looking very handsome and haggard.

"'If you'll open the door,' he said simply, 'I'll explain this ridiculous position.' The face disappeared, and we heard a heated discussion going on inside.

"'But he is the young monsieur of the next to park,' the girl kept saying. 'I 'ave seen him from the window distantly since the three days I 'ave been here.' But the old woman was obdurate.

"'He's a burglar,' she repeated. 'He was arter your strawberries, what your pa-pa sent. I see them in his 'and.' Presently the girl's face appeared again, and she said shyly:

"'Could you not make explain with the door close?'

"My master laughed a little, and frankly told her the whole story, speaking slowly that she might understand, and loudly so that her guardian might hear.

"'It is true I heard the knocking at the door,' she said when he had finished, 'but Lizabet made me assurance it was but the boy who sells the bread loafs.'

"'What's he want with your strawberries, mamzelle? tell me that,' cried the old woman.

"'But he made return of them; it was one mistake.'

"'Oh yes, they all say that; and it will be a mistake when we are both lying with our throats cut.'

"'But, Lizabet, mount up and view for yourself, you, that he is but the young sir from next to.'

"With groans and creakings we heard the old woman begin to climb, but as she first put down the key, mamzelle did not wait for the verdict, but ran round to the door, unlocked it, and stood holding it open, with the wind blowing the hair all about her shy little blushing face. My master went to her side and apologised very nobly for the part he had played.

"'But no,' she said, 'you must have forgiveness for my good guardian—she is too—what is it—she will not even let me promenade while I stay here. Is your country so dangerous, monsieur?' And she looked up shyly, and blushed more than ever.

"A cry from the larder interrupted my master's reply.

"'Don't let him go!' cried the old woman; 'he *is* a thief. Oh! mamzelle, he's eaten the pie.'

"'I've not touched your pie!' cried my master, striding back in a great rage to where the old woman stood pointing in anguish to the lower shelf.

"'You know, mamzelle, it wasn't cut!' Mamzelle looked at the pie and so did my master, and then they looked at each other in perplexity and distress till I peeped at them from over the crust and licked my lips. The next thing I knew I was flung outside by the scruff of the neck, and I heard my master say:

"'It's my cat, I am ashamed to say. She

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must have slipped in with me; I'm awfully sorry, but cook will bake another pie at once and send it across——'

"'Oh, no; that signifies nothing,' said the girl, laughing at the old woman's face as she shuffled to the house, shaking her head and muttering. 'But, monsieur,' she continued demurely, 'is it permitted that I give you some strawberries for accompaniment with your cream?'

"'Yes,' cried my master in a delighted voice, 'if I may give you some of my cream for accompaniment with your strawberries.'

* * *

"Later in the afternoon I came across them in the little plantation that runs at the bottom of the gardens. They were seated on a fallen tree trunk with nothing but the strawberries and cream between them, and so engrossed were they in each other that in spite of my affectionate advances it never seemed to occur to them to offer me any.

"From that day a change for the worse came over my master. He neglected his studies, ignored his food, spent half his time in the plantation and half—looking over the wall.

"They were seated on a fallen trunk, with nothing but strawberries and cream between them."

"However, the little mamzelle's father came back unexpectedly one day — so did our people—and then the fat *was* in the fire, and no mistake. Storms in our house, tears next door, and the young people not even allowed to catch a glimpse of each other. But they did, though—trust them.

"The little mamzelle's father had the wall raised, and coloured paper pasted over all the windows that looked our way, but I soon showed my young master the cat hole at the bottom of the garden, which was quite big enough to shake hands through, not to mention other greetings of a more friendly character.

"Still, they didn't see each other very often, for my master suddenly took to working so hard at his books, that when he went up for his exam. he not only passed, but passed so brilliantly that his father would deny him nothing, and as by this time the little mamzelle's tears had softened the hard heart of her parent also, the young people got their own way in the end, as they always do.

"Anyhow, I know that, whenever after that, I went to nestle in my favourite place on my master's broad shoulder, I found it already occupied."

And so saying, the tortoiseshell rose to his feet, yawned, stretched, and went to sleep.

And so saying the tortoiseshell rose.

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CAUGHT IN THE TRAP

An Exciting Experience inside a Mountain, and the Amazing Sequel.

By Elsie Carmichael.

On a glorious October day, when the air was like wine and the forests that clung to the mountain sides were crimson and gold, Hetheringay and I left the house-party at the Oaks and climbed the steep path that leads to the Trap.

The mountain grew wilder and more precipitous as we neared the summit, and finally we found ourselves standing at the foot of a sheer precipice, nearly 300ft. high. From the top almost to the bottom there extended a crevice reaching back into the heart of the mountain—quite the gloomiest place I had ever seen. This was the Trap.

Hetheringay, who was ahead, climbed up a few feet and then disappeared into a long stone corridor, dark and draughty, with high walls reaching up over our heads until they met a narrow strip of blue sky.

The floor was rough and damp and slippery, and sometimes, as we moved along, a deep abyss would open out on one side of us. Once when I kicked a stone off I shuddered as I heard it fall, striking and reverberating for several seconds before it stopped.

A cold, damp wind blew through the place, as though from some cavern where the sun never penetrated. I shivered in the cold of that icy blast.

"Here we are," cried Hetheringay cheerfully, and I plunged on with a do or die sort of feeling.

Before us yawned a black hole, which seemed to lead right through the middle of the mountain. Hetheringay was lighting the candles he had brought, but they only served to make the darkness visible.

I placed my candle in my hat-band, thinking it would leave my hands free, but Hetheringay decided to carry his. So, bearing it above his head to light our dangerous path, we started to explore the heart of the mountain.

There was a strange excitement about the whole thing that appealed to our fancy.

The path was rough, and we had to climb over immense boulders, sometimes letting ourselves down by our hands and dropping, and in other places pulling ourselves up until I was glad I had kept up my gymnastics.

At last we came to a yawning chasm that our feeble candles lighted but dimly. There was a narrow ledge running along the side of it which Hetheringay assured me was wide enough to lead us safely by the abyss.

We felt our way step by step, and had accomplished about half of our perilous journey when suddenly, in turning a corner, the wall bulged out more than I expected, and my hat, in which I had placed the candle, was knocked off.

In trying to catch it I nearly lost my balance, and turned cold and faint as I saved myself in the nick of time. The falling candle for a moment lit up the abyss, which was apparently bottomless.

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I uttered an exclamation of horror. At the same instant Hetheringay turned hastily, and either his sudden motion, or a draught, blew out his candle, and we were left in a darkness that could be felt.

There was an ominous silence for a moment, and then he said in a low voice that made my blood run cold:

"Stuart, Stuart, I've dropped the matches; they have gone over!"

I felt a desire to sob wildly, like any coward, to throw myself over—a hundred wild thoughts tore through my brain.

The horror and hopelessness of that moment will haunt me through my life. We were caught in the Trap.

I raved inwardly, I rebelled at being shut up in this prison, away from all the joyous life out there in the sunshine. Inwardly I stormed — outwardly, man-like, I was silent.

For some time neither of us spoke, then we calmly discussed the situation.

Hetheringay knew the place well, and declared that it was well-nigh impossible for anyone to get back without lights. There were many passages branching off at intervals, and he thought the chances of our ever finding our way out were very slight. We should probably break our necks before we had gone fifty feet.

No one would ever think of exploring such a place to look for us; in fact, very few people knew of the existence of the cave, and, as we had started out with the intention of going shooting, they would search for us in an opposite direction.

It was like being blind. I wanted to tear away this impenetrable blackness that surrounded me, as though it were a veil before my eyes. It was a darkness such as I had never known before, the darkness of a place that has never in a thousand years felt a single ray of warm sunlight.

I could hear the water dripping down the stone sides of our prison, and the ledge was damp and slippery.

Once a cold slimy thing dragged its long, sinuous length over my hand. Even the snakes were so unused to man that

Hetheringay was lighting the candles he had brought, but they only served to make the darkness visible.

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they were not afraid. The hours dragged slowly by. Time grew confused after a while. I felt as if I had been there for days.

I was stiff and cold, and so cramped that I ached all over.

Then Hetheringay said: "It must be about sunset out there in the world. They are probably just coming home from the golf links, and——"

But I cried out fiercely: "For heaven's sake, don't! It's bad enough without that!"

After a while I grew calm. I determined that come what might I would face death like a man. I would far rather have walked up to the mouth of a cannon than sit there and wait for death to arrive so cruelly slow.

"Hetheringay!" I shouted, and ten thousand echoes took up the cry, throwing it backwards and forwards like children playing at catch-ball, "I can't stand this place any longer. I shall go mad if we stay here. Besides, it is better to risk being dashed down the abyss than to stand here and starve to death."

"It's madness to move," he answered bluntly.

"But ten thousand times more madness to wait death without making some effort to escape," I replied, my own words inspiring me with courage. "At all events, I am going to try to find the entrance."

"All right," he replied, "but for heaven's sake take care! I think it would be safer for us to crawl on all-fours. I'll lead the way."

Acting on this advice we both dropped on our hands and knees, and cautiously, hand by hand, and knee by knee, crept along the narrow ledge.

Time passed on; it seemed to be an age while we had remained still, but now I felt that we had been moving for an eternity. My fingers ached from the intense coldness of the clammy rock, and I verily believed there was not a shred of skin left on my hands or knees.

Once my numbed fingers alighted on something living. I felt a writhing substance, and an ominous hissing warned me of an unseen reptile. With a cry of horror I sprang back. In doing so I must have moved a little to the left, for I felt myself slipping. With a horrible sensation of terror I shrieked out and clutched blindly in the darkness. My hands closed round a jutting mound of rock.

For the time, at least, I was saved.

During those awful moments, with my body hanging over the fathomless abyss, I lived my whole life over again in a few seconds. Event after event followed with appalling vividness —even the most insignificant details came back to me.

Those old, old days of youth; those days of hopes and high ideals, when I felt that the world lay before me and that I possessed the golden key that would unlock every door.

Some of my ideals had gone, and as I thought of myself I was disappointed at the man I had become. It was as though I looked on from the outside and watched this man, who was myself, struggle and fight and fail, and I was sorry for him and bitterly disappointed.

Well, it was all over now, and regrets were useless.

Then I became conscious of someone grasping my arms.

"Who are you?" I cried, my brain a blank to everything but the fingers that held me with a vice-like grip. My own voice aroused me to my perilous position, and I realised that Hetheringay had come to my rescue. I could hear his muscles cracking, and feel his heavy panting, as, with a desperate effort, he partly lifted, and partly dragged, me on to the safety of the ledge.

Neither of us spoke for some minutes, until Hetheringay, having recovered his breath, said:

"That was a near thing for you, my boy. I knew something would happen if we ventured to move."

"But we cannot stay here idle," I gasped. "In spite of what happens I am going to make another effort to get out. Good heavens, man, we have been in here for a day and a night to my certain knowledge! I can feel myself growing weak for want of food."

With a grunt, Hetheringay assented to my persuasion, and we once more pushed on. The impossible is always proving itself the possible, and although previously we had been moving in the cave for what seemed like an eternity, ten minutes after we had made the second start, I became convinced that it was growing light. Then we turned a corner, and there, not a hundred yards ahead, we could see the mouth of the cave.

The sight drove all caution from our minds. Together we both rose to our feet and, regardless of the gaping abyss at our side, dashed out into the open.

With the afternoon sun shining on our faces we felt the world once more lying at our feet. Oh! it was good to feel the warmth of the sun and the soft wind on our cheeks, and to smell the faint bonfire smoke. The forests were a light maroon, the sky was

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ineffably blue and tender, and here and there a black crow floated almost motionless in the still air. Hetheringay looked at his watch.

"It's twenty minutes to four," he said thoughtfully. "And we went into that place at about two o'clock yesterday—over twenty-four hours ago. Yesterday was the fourteenth of October, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I answered. "Think of it, nearly twenty-six hours in that hole. I am surprised our hair has not turned grey."

We were ravenously hungry, of course, and, despite the stiffness caused by crawling so long on all-fours, we ran down the mountain side like goats.

We wondered what would happen when we appeared. We pictured the despair of our friends, and the searching parties dragging the lake, and hunting at the foot of the precipice.

Suddenly we heard voices ahead, and came face to face with Miss Brooks and Rogers strolling through the woods near the Oaks.

When they saw us they evinced no surprise, and only nodded to us from a distance, and remarked on the stupidity of our tearing and dirtying our clothes for the mere pleasure of scrambling over rocks.

Hetheringay went up to Rogers and shook his hand as though they had been parted for a long time.

"How is everything?" he inquired earnestly.

Rogers looked astonished, and Miss Brooks turned scarlet.

"Why—er—what do you mean? I—er—I think everything is all right," he blurted out.

"Haven't they missed us at the Oaks?" asked Hetheringay, starting back.

"Missed you?" said Rogers absently, looking relieved, and stealing a glance at Miss Brooks. "Why—er—I don't know. I haven't heard anything about it. They didn't expect you back until dinner, did they?"

Suddenly it began to dawn on me.

"What day of the month is it, Rogers?" I asked.

"Why, let's see, the *fourteenth* of October," he replied.

Hetheringay and I looked at each other and walked away. I heard Miss Brooks ask Rogers if he supposed we could be drunk, and then I said:

"We were in there just an hour and forty minutes, old chap. Don't let's give it away."

WANTED, A VERDICT.

Do you find the maid alluring?
To your love beyond all curing?
And her charms as long enduring
As the charms of long ago?
Think a moment, I implore you,
Does her hockey never bore you?
Has she leisure to adore you
Like the maids of long ago?

She is all my fancy painted,
I am sure that, if acquainted,
I should scorn the maid who fainted
In the days of long ago.
When I come from town a-weary,
Modern girls are bright and cheery,
Not a prey to vapours dreary,
Like the maids of long ago.

Do you think the costume striking
Which she wears when she is biking?
Should she dress to suit your liking
In the gowns of long ago?
Care you still to steal her kisses?
Do you think of vanished blisses
And the blushing, trusting misses
Of the days of long ago?

Would I change the comrade trusty
Of my long excursion dusty,
For the charms long since grown rusty
Of the maids of long ago?
No, their day is quite departed,
Vanished with their swains true-hearted,
Cupid's shafts are never darted
From the days of long ago.

A. FOREST.

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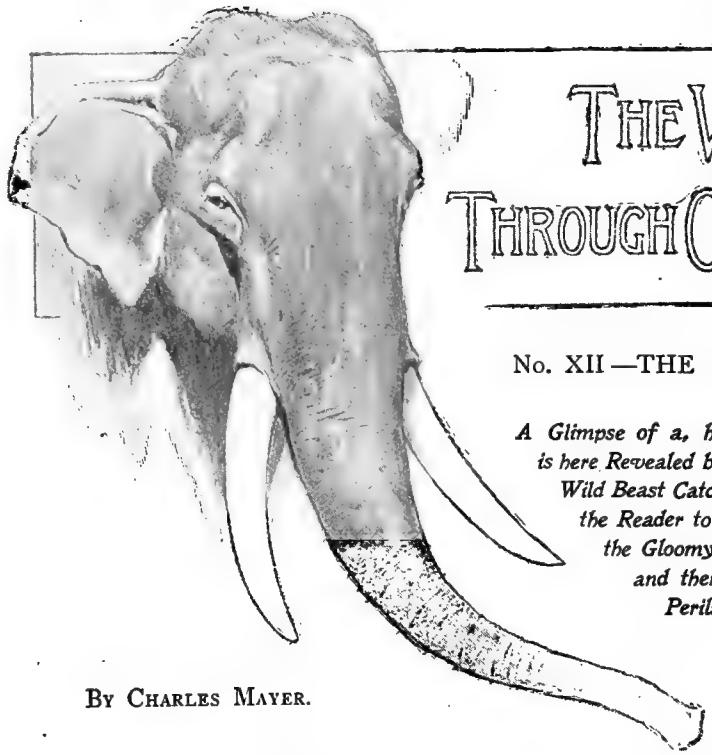

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. XII—THE ELEPHANT CATCHER.

A Glimpse of a, hitherto, Little Known World is here Revealed by Charles Mayer, the Famous Wild Beast Catcher. For a Spell he Carries the Reader to His Hunting Ground in the Gloomy Jungles of the East, and there Makes Plain the Perils of his Craft.

By Charles Mayer.

How many people, one wonders, give even a passing thought to how the wild beasts, which they see in menageries, and delight to pamper with nuts and oranges and other unsuitable dainties, come to be behind those stout iron bars? To most it will be a surprise to learn that there are men who devote the whole of their lives to the business of catching *alive* wild game of all kinds, for sale to the big dealers, such as Jamrach, Cross, or Hagenbeck, to zoological societies, or to private collectors, such as Mr. Walter Rothschild or the Duke of Bedford.

That may seem merely like the big game hunting which the soul of every sportsman hungers for. But consider the difference. Captain Jones, with a month's leave from regimental duties, penetrates the jungle after elephant or rhinoceros. He is lucky; tracks and shoots his game, strips off his trophies of ivory or horn, and returns rejoicing.

But the professional wild beast catcher has harder tasks to perform. In the pathless jungle he must trap his elephants, laboriously subdue their spirits, break them in, and lead them away captive. Or he must cunningly disguise a pitfall in such a manner that the huge rhinoceros will tumble in, thereafter to be roped, dug out of the trap, and literally hauled (no easy task with an infuriated beast weighing two or three tons) through the jungle to the nearest river bank, there to be lashed to a raft and floated down the coast for transportation.

These instances are cited merely to give some indication of the strange life which the trapper of live game must lead. Alone with his band of natives, he stalks through the trackless jungle. All is fish (if the metaphor be not too mixed) that comes to his net, whether elephant, buffalo, monkey, or snake. His hand is against every jungle dweller, and he must needs be wary, lest they in their turn should turn and rend him. Adventure? Romance? Where else, if not in the dense heart of the gloomy jungle, shall you find them?

In the present article I will endeavour to do my best to present the peculiar point of view of the elephant tracker, pursuing his mighty game in its native wilds, and to give some account of the dangers he encounters. He sees things, believe me, not as you see them, or even as you fancy. Danger lurks behind every tree, crouches everywhere overhead, or is ready to spring from beneath his feet and assail him. He carries his life in his hand.

I shall now tell you exactly how I captured

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a herd of elephants a little time ago. The memory is still fresh; indeed, there are many incidents that occurred during those strenuous days which I would gladly forget.

At length the *kurral*, a big enclosed compound, is complete. For weeks past my band of Malays has been busy building here in this dense heart of the jungle an immense inclosure. Winding in and out amongst the jungle trees runs a great circular stockade. Of sturdy 20-feet tree trunks this fence is made, planted upright, six feet in the ground, and braced with a triple brace from top to bottom. Round the top—the rim, if you like—runs a narrow platform, along which a man may walk and peer over into the inclosure within.

It must not be supposed that this inclosure is cleared. Not a branch or tree has been touched, nor a twig of the undergrowth lopped. Within, the jungle flourishes in all its virginal strength, as rankly luxuriant as without. And so deftly has every prop and timber of the stockade been entwined with twisting tropical creepers, that only a practised eye could detect the presence of a trap.

All sign of human handiwork has been, with laborious care, removed. To all appearances the tangled vegetation has been untrodden by the foot of man.

At one point in the circular stockade there is a wide gap, and over this there hangs, suspended by ropes of twisted rattan, a heavy door that has only to drop in order to render escape impossible to the captured quarry.

From the sides of the entrance there branch off two more stockades, diverging this time and each forming, as it were, a confined approach or avenue to the *kurral* from the stream which trickles through the jungle a hundred yards or so away, and on the brink of which they end.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the jungle, some eight miles distant, during all the time the *kurral* has been building, another gang of my Malays has been keeping guard over the herd of elephants which it is my purpose to trap. Surrounding the herd on all sides, and maintaining the cordon by day and night, they have held the big game carefully within a certain area, never showing themselves (for at the sight of man wild elephants will stampede), but driving them in any desired direction by the beating of gongs, the firing of old muskets, and other mysterious noises, strange and alarming to an elephant's ears. They wait but for the completion of the *kurral* to commence driving the herd to its doom.

And, at last, the trap is finished. It has been a herculean labour, for—with only native *parangs* and *billitongs*, the knives and axes of the Malay Peninsula, as tools—the trees have had to be cut down outside of a radius of a quarter of a mile from the site of the *kurral*, and thence dragged to the place of construction.

Finished, however, it is at last, and there remains only the final drive which shall end by the sudden fall, behind the last of the herd, of that menacing door so cunningly hidden aloft amidst the dense foliage.

But first there comes the solemn ceremony of the sacrifice to the Deity of the Jungle. A peg is driven into the ground in the middle of the *kurral*, and to this a white cock is tied by the leg. Old Hadji, headman of my following of Malays, and self-appointed high priest on the present occasion, retires with two assistants to the stream, and faces the open mouth of the *kurral*. All three are armed, Hadji with creese and spear, the others with spears. The rest of my followers form up in front of the diverging stockades—a living avenue. Each man bears in his hand an offering to the Jungle Deity, in the shape of rice, cocoanuts, palms, betel-nut, bananas, and other fruits of the jungle.

When all is in readiness, old Hadji, leaping madly into the air, and giving utterance to a wild shriek, starts running towards the *kurral*. Brandishing his weapons about his head, and bounding from side to side, urged on by the spear-points of his pursuing satellites, he draws nearer and nearer to the mouth of the *kurral* till, well-nigh exhausted, he rushes into the inclosure, seizes the white victim tethered there, and cutting its throat, sprinkles its blood upon the ground.

Thus the Jungle Deity is propitiated, and native superstition being appeased, I set about the serious business in hand.

Ten reliable men are left in charge of the trap, with explicit instructions how and when to cut the ropes, which, at the critical moment, will let down the door, and cut off retreat. With the rest I make my way towards my other gang, where they keep the herd of elephants rounded up.

At intervals of three to four hundred yards all the way from the stream in front of the *kurral*, until we reach the herd, small platforms are built high up in the trees, and at each a man is left behind. His duty it will be, as the herd is driven slowly forward during the night, to guide the beaters in the proper direction by means of prearranged sounds and cries.

It is no small task, however, to reach in a

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short time the further detachment of my native following. Eight miles or so to you, good stay-at-home reader, may seem but a trivial distance to cover. Maybe that is so under ordinary, or approaching to ordinary circumstances. But through virginal jungle, that is another matter entirely.

Path there is none; dense vegetation, rank and luxuriant, of a vivid green that looks poisonous almost, closes me in on every hand. Sky is invisible. Overhead, the limbs of the great trees, from which hang long ropes and garlanded festoons of giant creepers, are locked together, and the foliage, interlaced and woven in nature's own intricate pattern, forms a jungle roof that impends gloomily over me. But little sunlight filters through, save in rare, thin patches, or where an open clearing betrays a treacherous swamp lurking evilly beneath the tall grass and marsh growth.

In the grey twilight of the jungle I can see —even did not innumerable tree-trunks and the matted tangle of undergrowth impede my vision—but little way ahead. Often I needs must lay about me lustily with *purang* and *billilong* to clear a way. My feet tread, not a path worn ever so slightly by the feet of others who have passed that way before me, but a thick bed—how deep I know not—of undergrowth, the vegetable decay of who shall say how many æons.

All round me rises a dank and musty odour; the atmosphere is close with heated moisture. No flowers greet me with gay petals or welcome me with fragrant odours; only here and there a stray orchid catches my eye with its uncommon shape and bright, unhealthy blotches of colour.

No path? No, for I am walking where never before the foot of man has walked. No sound, not even the voices and footsteps of my followers—and they count not at all—breaks the stillness. A monkey, perhaps, swings chattering away, hand over hand, from bough to bough, in the tree-tops; a bird flies startled from its perch overhead; or a sudden rustling in the undergrowth tells of a jungle dweller scurrying away before the intruder's march. Else, no sound. The silence of the jungle is upon me; the mystery of the jungle casts its spell about me.

On every side the seemingly impenetrable wall of green—vivid, venomous green—closes in upon me. At times, I feel as though the jungle were bent on swallowing me up; the trailing ropes of creepers threaten to snare, bind, and strangle me as I pass; the rank vegetation lures me to taste its poisonous fruit.

But dangers more real than these imaginary perils lurk in the dim recesses of the jungle. As I carve my way through, I needs must keep a wary eye about me. Tigers I fear not; for unless I were to attack him, he of the stripes is but too anxious to shrink away unobserved to denser depths of undergrowth.

But upon an outstretched branch may lie a spotted leopard, ready to spring unprovoked, as I pass beneath his lurking-place. Above, therefore, as well as all around, I have to keep a watchful eye. An easy task, you may think, to see from afar the leopard's gaily-painted skin. There lies the error. Just as the tiger's stripes, so marked and bold when stretched in the shape of a rug before the hearth, amidst his native jungle match exactly the light and shadow of the long grass though which he slinks, so the black spots upon the leopard's light fur mingle perfectly with the speckled leaf-shadows cast by the sunlight filtering through the interlaced boughs.

So it may happen that, my wariness temporarily relaxed, I am startled by a savage snarl and a sudden commotion overhead. Alert on the instant, I cast a hurried glance upward, to catch a fleeting glimpse of a leopard's lithe body crouching upon a branch and huddled for a spring. Even as I look, the brute straightens out in a swift leap, and as I dodge to one side, a horrible impression of fierce eyes, bared and gleaming teeth, and outstretched claws, prints itself on my mind.

Lucky am I to escape the savage onslaught of tooth and claws. One second later, and I should be felled by the impact, and ere old Hadji and his men could render aid, fierce fangs would be in my throat and sharp talons tearing my flesh asunder.

Danger is always imminent in the jungle, enhanced by the suddenness and unexpectedness with which it presents itself. For the wild beast tracker must be a pioneer also. It behoves that he go first. Stauncher *followers* than Malays a man need not desire. But —they must be led.

Or, it may be that, in my rambles through the dense foliage, I trespass on the sanctum of a *seladang*, the terrible Malayan buffalo. No more dangerous enemy has the trapper of wild beasts to contend with. The leopard that will attack at sight is bad enough; but the *seladang* will make furious

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onslaught not merely on sight, but on *scent*. Thus it may happen that the trapper may find himself on the instant called upon to meet the fierce rush of a savage buffalo that bursts through the jungle unawares and charges madly down upon him before almost he has realised the meaning of the sudden crashing in the undergrowth near by.

To return, however, to the herd of elephants which I am on my way to entrap. Joining hands with the detached party of Malays, I learn that the herd is safely located at a spot some two miles distant. Dividing my following into two detachments, I send off each upon a long detour, with instructions to post men as they go along, so that by the time the advance men of either party meet —well in the rear of the herd—the line of beaters will be surrounding the quarry in V-shaped formation, the open mouth of the V being, of course, in the direction of the distant *kurral*. I myself, with Hadji and a few picked men, occupy the furthermost point, directly in the rear of the herd.

A savage snarl announces the presence of a leopard, lurking concealed in the branches of some tree. As the startled elephant-catcher looks up, this fearsome spectacle of gleaming teeth and outstretched claws, diving down upon him, meets his eyes. The full effect of this incident is obtained by holding the picture above the head, and looking upwards at it.

Each beater is provided with the means of making some sort of loud noise, and at a given signal the drive commences.

Only we, immediately behind the herd at first, take active part in the business of driving. Very slowly we move forward, clashing gongs, beating tom-toms and creating a general discord, but careful not to raise our voices above a low pitch.

It is dark, and we have to grope our way as best we can through the jungle gloom. By night alone can elephants, which travel only after dark, be driven, and not a torch must be lit lest a stampede should result.

Stumbling over projecting roots, catching our feet in twisted creepers, bumping into tree-trunks, slowly we advance, judging our

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direction by the signals of the men posted in the tree platforms along the route.

As the strange noise approaches them the elephants retreat before it. Should the herd take a direction too much to the right or left, the beaters on that flank supplement the din we are making in the rear, following the signalled instructions of the watchers in the trees, and turning the elephants into the proper route.

The herd it is not easy to see; but its whereabouts and the direction in which it is making, the loud crashing, as the elephants force their way through the jungle, betrays unmistakably. This advantage the elephant tracker has over his huge quarry, that, whereas, he need disclose himself only when it suits his purpose, the unwieldy elephant can never conceal his proximity.

But this applies only to the grown elephant. The young and small calf is at no such disadvantage, and can approach quite close without the noise of trampled undergrowth giving warning of its presence.

Herein lies the greatest danger that attends an elephant drive. Not infrequently it happens that an inquisitive young one creeps back unawares, surprises the beaters, and, dashing forward to the herd, trumpets forth the alarm, and causes a stampede before even the trackers know that they have been discovered.

Thus it comes about that dire catastrophe awaits us as we blindly grope onward. All has gone well, and we are close upon the heels of the herd. Suddenly there seems confusion and commotion in the jungle ahead. Shrill trumpetings burst forth—weird, unearthly screamings that rend the still silence with dire portent, and strike panic to the heart.

Old Hadji behind me lays a convulsive grip upon my shoulder. Even as he does so there is a tremendous crashing noise immediately before us. The matted jungle wall rocks, sways, and is shattered like a paper circus-hoop, as a big bull elephant breaks gigantically through in front of us. We stand directly in his path, and as with uplifted trunk he bears down upon us in the dim, uncertain light, he looms up titanic, terrible.

In a moment he is upon us. Cold sweat is on my brow, and terror clutches me by the heart; but an instinct of self-preservation makes me jump just as I am to be trampled on. The great brute's onrush sweeps me aside, and in a trice I am behind a protecting bole.

Not so the luckless Hadji. As he springs for a tree he stumbles. Down comes the ponderous foot, crushing him; the brandished trunk descends, curls round the prostrate figure, and, with a jerk of the neck, the mangled corpse is torn in half and flung into the tree tops. The grim vengeance is wreaked on the instant, and the maddened brute rushes onward amok.

Pandemonium reigns in the dim jungle for a space. On every side I hear the frantic elephants charging blindly through the undergrowth, and death-shrieks mingle with the affrighted trumpet-cries and bellowings.

So soon as the stampeding herd is safely away, I assemble my men. Torches are lit, and beneath the murky flare that serves but to deepen the black mystery of the jungle, a hurried count of heads is made. Over a dozen men, trampled under foot or swung aloft by the vengeful trunks and smashed like eggshells against the tree trunks—such is the toll of the dead.

No sleep is there in the bivouac that night. Huddled together, the affrighted Malays, starting in terror at every sound in the jungle, wait anxiously for the morrow.

The next day we go in pursuit of the stampeded quarry. About five miles away—almost in the very spot which they first occupied—we come upon them. At nightfall we begin a second drive, but slowly, cautiously this time. By morning we have advanced scarcely more than a mile and a half. But there has been no sign of any tendency to break back on the part of the herd, and in these careful tactics we persist night after night.

In about a week, after sleepless diligence, we have driven the elephants up to the stream by the *kurral* and right in front of a narrowing approach formed by the wings of the trap.

Then, when all is in readiness, I give the signal. On the instant there goes up from every side a hideous din. Yells, shrieks, cries, drum-beats, gong-clangings, and musket-shots: with startling suddenness a wild clamorous discord breaks forth.

Mad with terror, the elephants plunge across the stream, and, gaining the opposite bank, charge blindly forward, straight to the open mouth of the traps.

As the converging wings narrow the path, the panic-stricken animals jostle each other and add to their own demoralisation. In the doorway of the *kurral* a jam takes place, and the stout timbers creak and groan under the terrific strain. But not an elephant is willing to be left behind its fellows in the stampede,

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A dreaded sight to the elephant catcher in the jungle. Startled by the loud cries of the Malay beaters, the elephant, its small eyes aflame, pink mouth open, trunk held high, and trumpeting furiously, charges through the undergrowth.

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and in a few moments the last has pushed its way through. A single chop from a *purang* severs the ropes. With a thud the hanging gate falls, and the great bolts are quickly shot into place. Close upon fifty leviathans are entrapped.

There ensues a wild orgy around the *kurral* which no pen can picture. Fires are lit, and the night is given up to mirth, song, feasting, and riotous merriment, such as only Malays are capable of. But all through the night, drowning almost the sounds of revelry, there continues, fearful to the ear, a noise of tremendous devastation going on within the *kurral*.

Inside that confined space the herd of captured giants, mad with rage and terror, is seeking furiously for a way of escape. Shrill trumpetings screech through the jungle, mingled with terrific crashes as trees and undergrowth are torn up by the roots or trampled under foot.

At length morning breaks, and I climb to the gallery that surrounds the *kurral*. Awful is the sight that meets my eyes. Where but a few hours ago had flourished dense jungle is now a waste patch. One solitary tree alone—a stout patriarch of the jungle—has withstood the elephants' blind onslaught. All around the scene is one of utter devastation.

In the middle of the now open space is huddled the herd. Even as I peer over a great bull sees me, and charges the stockade with such a furious shock that I am nearly hurled from my perch.

All round the *kurral* my Malays are climbing to the platform, and at sight of them—'tis their first glimpse of man—the trapped brutes are goaded to fresh frenzy.

But hunger and exhaustion do their work. In a few days the elephants (most tractable of wild beasts) come to the stockade to take food from the hand of man, whom at first sight they would destroy with savage fury.

Before long the more amenable are taken from the *kurral*, so hobbled as to be well under control and powerless to break away, and led to the "stocks," which have been built meantime a short distance away. These stocks are of simple design and rough-and-ready manufacture, but they answer their purpose sufficiently well. In their vexatious hold the luckless elephant is in even more tormenting plight than the rogue in the village stocks of bygone days. Two upright timbers clutch his head, one on either side behind the ears, and a yoke is laid upon his neck, so that he can move neither forward nor backward, nor even nod his head. A bar slung beneath his body prevents him from lying down; his feet are hobbled, and his trunk, twisted back along his flank, is tied to the tip of his tail. Utterly helpless, he can only stand patiently and dejectedly until his captors see fit to loose him from bondage. And that moment only arrives when his spirit is broken, and his manners have assumed a proper meekness.

From the *kurral* to the stocks is only a matter of a few yards or so, but the greatest precautions, naturally, have to be taken in conducting a half-starved and but partially submissive brute over the intervening space. A double row of stout pegs, or posts, is driven into the ground, and between these the elephant is made to walk. Stout ropes of rattan are lashed to his feet, and a purchase on these is gained by the men who hold them by twisting them round each peg in turn. The great beast, lashed tight, is only allowed to move one foot at a time, and in this manner a slow progress is made, peg by peg, from *kurral* to stocks.

In the latter the elephant is kept as long as may be necessary to complete his conquest. Unable even to lie down, he has to submit to being mounted by an imperious Malay, who prods him in tender spots with a sharp goad, and makes him, when freed from the stocks but still hobbled, perform various movements at the same time that he shouts commands in his ear.

Few animals (fortunately for tyrant man) know their own strength—the elephant least of all. "My lord the elephant" should be rather "My servant the elephant."

Ere long the captive's schooling is over, and, docile as could be wished, he is ready to be taken from the jungle. Some few—old bulls for the most part—whose savage spirit refuses to knuckle under, will be shot, and stripped of their ivory. But most are destined to be led away in bondage, exchanging the freedom of the pathless jungle for the slavery of men's mean dwelling-places.

And the price for my labour? Each elephant will fetch, perhaps, from £100 to £200. And should I be lucky enough to capture a specimen with twenty toes (a freak sometimes seen) instead of the customary eighteen, rich will be my reward from some wealthy Indian rajah. To him the possession of so rare a curiosity will bring much *kudos* and sanctity. To me the selling of it will bring, say, £1000.

A good price, but hardly won.

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How Sir Pink-Ears Mouse Serenaded My Lady Doll.

"Oh come to the Nursery Table, dear,
For the light of the day has fled,
And the three dim moons
of the gasolier
Burn faintly overhead"

"Come hither, and place your
hand in mine,
Queen Doll of the whole Dolls'-House.
Have you never a glance of your painted eyes
To spare for your faithful Mouse"?

All day deep down in my wainscot home
I am thinking of you, my sweet,
And I list to the dainty tap-tap-tap
Of your dear little wooden feet."

"She is coming, my dearest dear,
We'll know I That fairylike tread"...

But alas! It was Mistress
Scratch-em-cat-Claws
Who met him
that night
instead!

Elsie Blomfield.

Google

II.—A SOUTHERN BEAUTY.

The Little God of Love now Tells how he very nearly Upset one of his Own Schemes.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

One sunny autumn afternoon I was feeling terribly mischievous; and having just finished off several little affairs most satisfactorily in showers of confetti and champagne, I was looking round for something else to do.

It isn't often that I am short of work, but on this particular first of October I only encountered people who had finished with my services, boys and girls who were not yet ready for me, or young men and maidens whom I had already let into my enchanted garden of roses.

It was really annoying, therefore, when I came across Chris Merrick gazing absently into the window of an art photographer's. I felt just about as spiteful as a bad-tempered little god *can* feel.

"Can't I have some fun with you?" I thought, looking at the young man's clear-cut, clean-shaven profile—a very promising profile from my point of view. "I'd like to take away that indolent droop of your mouth and the calm laziness of your eyes," I continued, touching my arrows with itching fingers.

But what was the use? It is no good taking aim at a man when there is not a maid even in *sight*—only wasting a good arrow!

Just as I was about to fly off in search of more promising victims, Chris made a rapid movement which attracted my attention.

He put up his eye-glass and bent forward.

In an instant I was on the alert—I am always on the alert when a man puts up his eye-glass!

What was it in the photographer's window that suddenly attracted his attention?

Quickly I fluttered to his side, and found out.

Christopher Merrick was gazing with singular intentness at an immense portrait—evidently a "show" platinotype picture, enlarged and most artistically coloured—which,

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standing on a plush-draped easel, occupied the centre position of importance.

"Great Scott! What a face! What hair! What a mouth! Almost seems to—to speak, by Jove!" he murmured.

I watched him with interest; except in the case of a poor little empty-stomached gamin staring piteously at steaming boiled beef and carrots separated from him by a cruel pane of glass, I had never seen such absorption in a shop-window—but certainly the picture was worthy of unusual observation!

Such a bewitching, maddening, mocking face!

Great eyes—half-closed so that their colour was invisible—fringed by lashes, thick, long, black, and curling; the mouth, parted in a bewildering smile over dazzling teeth, was full—almost too full, perhaps—and scarlet; the complexion, of that clear brown merging into damask which belongs to countries near the sun; brows straight, thick, and black; and hair—oh, that wonderful hair! That marvellous veil of ebon silk, flowing, curling, and waving almost to the ground!

Many beautiful women have been idealised, and invented, by art; but this picture in Valmoni's window seemed peculiarly distinctive, by reason of the strange suggestion of *living* loveliness it presented. Surely those lips *must* speak! Surely that white breast *must* rise and fall with regular, gentle breaths!

"Who could she be?" I wondered.

Not a celebrity of picture-postcard fame, because the face was absolutely unfamiliar; yet the costume (gorgeous scarlet and yellow gold-embroidered draperies trimmed with sequins—glittering coins which also hung from chains entwined with the shining raven tresses) showed a decidedly theatrical flavour.

Still, Chris Merrick remained motionless in front of the photographer's window, and as I glanced suddenly at his face, an idea—an absolutely new idea—entered my brain.

Here was the chance of some sport at last.

A man should fall in love with a picture!

Quickly I strung up my bow—quickly I picked a sharp newly-pointed arrow out of my quiver—then, standing on a pillar-box an inch or two behind, I took steady and careful aim.

"PING!"

Had the dart failed in its mission and bounded off without having diffused love's sweet poison?

No; there was that tiny puncture on the wrist (invisible to all eyes save those of the marksman) and the minute drop of drawn blood!

Chris Merrick was in love—in love with a portrait!

"What a face! What hair! What a mouth! Almost seems to—to speak, by Jove!" he murmured.

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Oh, it *was* fun! I perfectly squirmed and wriggled my little fat body, and flapped my wings in glee.

Here was a new experiment, and it had succeeded!

I suppose my unlucky victim must have realised the sudden centring of his emotions, because a swift flush overspread his now eager features, and he murmured softly beneath his breath:

"I must find you, I must find you," he cried, with the strong determination of a man who is young and for whom life and its glories are still new. "I must find you, my beautiful, dusky queen!"

After a moment's consideration, he (accompanied by my mischievous self) entered the photographer's reception lounge with admirable boldness and assurance—commendable qualities which evaporated directly a young lady with a severe nose and a camel's-hair brush in her hand, rose from a desk and addressed him.

"Good morning."

"Good morning—er—er—might I trouble you for a bill of fare—er—tariff—er—price list, you know—thank you. Er—you undertake—er—*painting* the portraits also, I see."

"Yes, you will find our charges for tinting on the last page. May I book an appointment for you, sir?"

"Well, I—er—must just look at—must just see what day I'm free, don't you know? By-the-bye, may I ask who is the original of that large coloured picture in the window?"

The severe-nosed young lady became full of respectful hauteur.

"We are not at liberty to supply the names of our sitters, sir."

"No, no, of course not. I thought—er—perhaps the lady was a professional, you know, and that possibly there might be copies of the picture for sale. Thank you. Er—what would be the charge for enlarging and colouring a picture—just like the one in the window?"

"I am not quite sure, sir; but if you sit down I'll go and inquire."

Directly Chris was alone, he rose and wandered aimlessly and discontentedly round the shop, examining the various specimens of smirking, grinning, sitting, standing, posing, pictured humanity, most of whom were either clinging with zoological tenacity on to the same rustic stile, or leaning carelessly against the same marble (?) pillar.

"Why will people make such fo——" began Chris savagely—but the uncomplimentary query regarding his fellow-creatures was never completed, because temptation had suddenly attacked him.

Yes, there they were—a small pile of unmounted *carte-de-visite* sized portraits, evidently the pictures from which the coloured enlargement in the window had been taken!

Dare he annex one?

Nobody would be any the wiser or any the worse, and—and——

Yes, it should be done!

An approaching rustle of papery silk skirts announced the return of the severe-nosed young lady, who reappeared just one second after Christopher Merrick had committed his first criminal offence.

The unmounted portrait was in his pocket!

Five minutes later my victim had "good-morning-ed" himself out of Valmoni's studio, and (after sending an anonymous P.O. for ten shillings to the photographer's as a conscience-salve) was hurrying homewards with his first grand passion in his pocket-book.

Poor fellow! It was an unsatisfactory sort of business for him, and, being a tender-hearted little god, I soon began to regret my experiment when I saw that his appetite was actually beginning to show slight signs of decrease—all for love of a picture!

For a whole fortnight he tried every imaginable means to discover the original. Not a theatre, music-hall, exhibition, or any other likely *millieu* for lovely women in fancy costumes, was left unvisited.

But to no avail! The ripe-lipped Ignota still remained only a picture-passion.

It was a great pity, and I made up my mind to spare no pains to undo the mischief I had done; therefore, when, a fortnight later, Chris steamed Midland-wards in order to fulfil a ten days' house-party engagement at Oakstead Manor, I packed up my arrows and accompanied him.

We had not been in the house two days before I more than ever regretted my ridiculous mistake.

Here was a girl—a sweet pink-and-white flesh-and-blood girl, eminently more satisfactory from a loving point of view than a dusky pictured syren in a pocket-book—who could so easily have taught him all that a man must learn before he has really begun his life! Oh, the pity of it!

Yda Lamb seemed to suggest an English orchard in springtime, with her peach-blossom cheeks, sky-tinted eyes, daffodil curls, and apple-green gown; and from the first moment they were introduced a certain

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sympathy seemed to be established between these two who were parted by a platinotype print.

"Oh, Eros!" I cried to myself, pinching my own fat little arms in an access of fury. "Will you never leave off making mistakes, you mischievous, inconsequent, silly little shooter?"

I felt particularly annoyed that afternoon, because there they sat alone in the great music-room where they had been talking Beethoven and Chopin. *Such* a propitious moment!

The gloaming was merging into dusk, and as Yda's white fingers strolled over the keys, filling the silence with amorous sounds, I longed to take aim.

But what was the use when a portrait stood between?

Not any, unless—unless——

Ah! I had tried one experiment—*why not try another?* At the worst it would only be an arrow wasted. Surely it could be done. Surely I could shoot again, to see if this new wound would cover the old?

Yes, yes; I would ascertain if it were possible for Yda to supplant "Ignota!"

"PING!" One for her!—Yes, the dart had done its work.

"PING!" One for him!

What was the result? What had happened?

Why, only that matters were worse than before.

Not the fresh wound covering the original one, but—but—a tiny puncture less than a quarter of an inch away from the first arrow-prick!

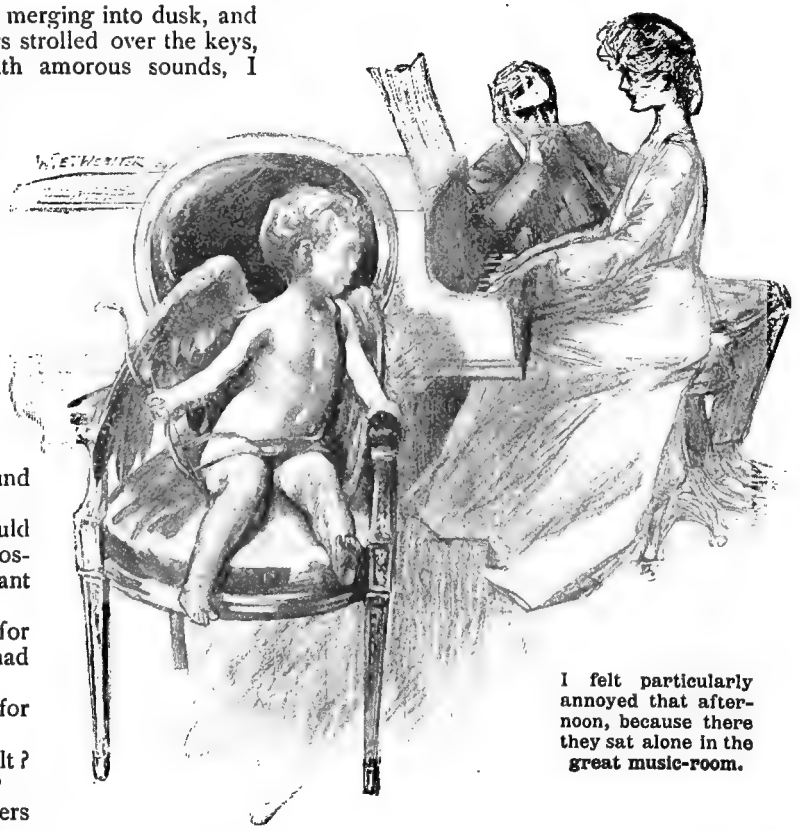
Poor Christopher Merrick was *doubly* in love! His heart held *two* queens—a golden girl and a dusky portrait!

He dreamt of one and thought of the other; he adored the picture and worshipped the maid; he wooed the woman and courted the photograph!

It was quite tragic, this rending of his allegiance.

When a confession to Yda was trembling on his lips, Ignota's mocking, radiant face seemed to come between them, full of alluring, tempting possibilities; and when in the solitude of his own apartment the Southern Beauty was abstracted from his pocket-book, a memory of the apple blossom English girl floated round—a sweet, tender memory, all purity and trust.

Just as I was wondering how long this rivalry could last, I overheard Chris murmuring his distracted thoughts aloud.



I felt particularly annoyed that afternoon, because there they sat alone in the great music-room.

"I must get out of this," he soliloquised. "If only I could discover Ignota, I might find that the lovely face mirrored an ugly soul—then all my heart and life would be free for Yda—for Yda! I must go and seek for her again—I must advertise—anything, everything till I have found the woman who will either dispel the illusion of her picture and set me free, or who will bind me to herself for ever. I will leave to-morrow—Ah! of course, the theatricals and tableaux take place then, and I promised Yda to see her act—no, I will go the day after for certain—*for certain.*"

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"I—I have found you!" panted Chris, forgetting convention.

At last came the evening of the "show," rehearsals for which had been carried on in strictest secrecy, even some of the guests not knowing whom among their fellow-visitors were taking part. (Lady Halford was one of those enervating hostesses who are always feeding their wearied friends on surprises and excitements.)

The performance, at which half the county was present, commenced with a classical concert all "opus" and "movements," the adult amateurs being sandwiched between paid prodigies; then followed the one-act dramatic sketch (Yda—playing the white-muslin-and-garden-hatted heroine who is always dancing in through a trellised French window—acted charmingly). After this a monologue given by a much-chronicled society beauty; and then, in conclusion, the living pictures.

Remembering that Yda's part in the performance was over, I, who had been perched on the arm of Christopher's chair, was just about to fly out of the heated, perfumed atmosphere (I thought there was a little affair in the servants' hall that I might attend to), when the curtain rose on the first tableau.

With a low, hoarse cry my victim half dashed to his feet, then sank back again and gazed at the stage with all his soul in his eyes.

"At last! At last!"

Yes; at last he had found her!

There she was, the living, breathing original of his pictured infatuation!

"*Great eyes, half closed so that their colour was invisible, fringed by lashes, thick, long, black, and curling; the mouth, parted in a bewildering smile over dazzling teeth, was full and scarlet; the complexion of that clear brown merging into damask which belongs to countries near the sun; brows straight, thick, and black; and a marvellous veil of ebon hair glowing, curling, and waving almost to the ground.*"

Yes, the same description applied to her as had applied to the exquisite tinted portrait in Valmoni's windows—even to the gorgeous scarlet-and-yellow gold-embroidered draperies which were exact, detail for detail!

Chris had found Ignota, and the apple-blossom girl must meet her rival face to face!

Who was she?

My victim glanced eagerly at the programme, and I peeped over his shoulder.

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No, not a clue! Simply the words "A SOUTHERN BEAUTY."

The curtain rose again and again, and at last fell amidst storms of applause.

Not a second longer did Chris remain in his seat.

Down the long ball-room, which had been transformed into a temporary theatre, he sped along the corridors, through a newly-erected green baize door, till he reached the private precincts—"behind the scenes."

There she stood—practically alone now that her turn was over, and the others were all busy grouping for the next picture—just about to make her way through a small side door that led into a deserted ante-room.

Then a strange thing happened.

Immediately Christopher Merrick appeared *she smiled*—as though the picture were greeting the man!

Poor flower-faced Yda! Her rival was twice as dangerous in reality as she had been on paper. How could the gentle English maiden cope with the allurements of this Southern Syren? Ah, me!

"I—I have found you!" panted Chris, forgetting convention, lack of introduction—everything, save that his search was ended.

"Well, you are the first—" (Heavens! that voice! Soft, low, and—*familiar!*) "quite the first person who ever has found me out in my make-up. No one *ever* recognises me, because colouring, costume, and this wonderful wig make me absolutely different—particularly when my eyes are closed so that their blue tendencies shan't be incongruous! Would you mind taking out this hair-pin—I want to get off my wig—it *is* so heavy!" (It was like sunbeams bursting from behind a dense black cloud.) "Thank you—that's better. Now, I must go and wash off my eyebrows, lashes, part of my mouth, etc.! Yes, it *was* clever of you to recognise me! I once had my portrait taken at Valmoni's in this get-up, and, though a huge coloured enlargement stands in the window, no one ever guesses that *I* am the original!"

Quickly the picture-passion was taken out of the pocket-book.

"Was—was—the portrait anything like this?"

And as Chris held out the unmounted photograph I glanced at his wrist.

The two tiny arrow-wounds had merged into one!

Then I knew my work was done, and that Fate had rectified my mistake.

A few minutes later they were alone, and in his arms Chris held his two loves—*who were one!*

Have I seen them since?

Oh, yes, in a sense, I am always with them at their flat where, in the dainty drawing-room, hangs the large tinted portrait of "A Southern Beauty."

Happy?

Of course they are happy! Am *I* not with them?

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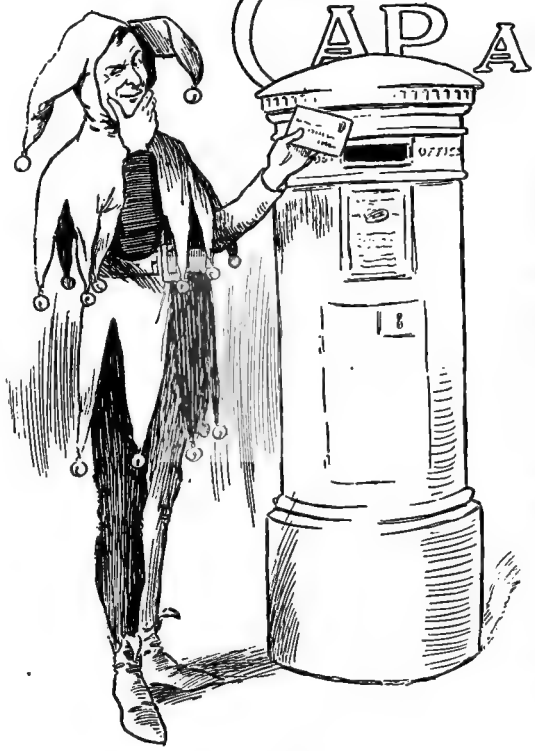
CAP AND BELLS



ÆSTHETIC.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk, "but you don't have to put a two-penny ha'penny stamp on a letter to Scotland."

"I know," said the sweet girl, "but the shade of it just matches my envelope, you know."

* * * * *

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so? I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnis paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it baby."

* * * * *

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

FIRST ACTOR: "I thought your next tour was to have been through South Africa."

SECOND ACTOR: "It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs two or three pounds."

* * * * *

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM: "How does it happen, dear, that you are never accused of misrepresenting eminent men in your reports of interviews?"

EXPERIENCED INTERVIEWER: "I don't print what they say, but what they ought to say."

THAT SUNDAY APPETITE.

It started to develop when I was a farmer lad—
The folks were scared at finding what an appetite I had,
But I was kept from worry by the fact that all the rest
Cou'd keep the pace I set them when I did my level best.
It reached its climax Sundays, when we all were gathered in—
Our pa and ma and Henry Clay and Slade and little Min,
Besides your humble servant, who was there with all his might,
Prepared to do destruction with that Sunday appetite.

We'd eat a hearty breakfast, with sausages and beer;
The weary wait till noon seemed a long half-famished year.
We'd then have ham and chicken, mashed potatoes, whiskey neat,
With jellies, pickles, and preserves—a lovely lot to eat.
We'd eat until our eyes stuck out, then gravely call for pie!
To think of it I wonder that we didn't burst and die.
Then apples, sweets, and walnuts, till the shades of coming night
Drove all of us to supper with that Sunday appetite.

I have it yet, and so have you. You take your breakfast food
And other little knick-knacks, either boiled or fried or stewed;
At two o'clock or thereabouts you wade into a feast,
And eat enough to last you for a fortnight at the least.
You make a call—there's tea and cake, of which you gamely munch,
And when you get back home you say, "What is there, wife, for lunch?"
Now here's a guess—it's yours to say if it be wrong or right;
The father of Blue Monday is that Sunday appetite.

* * * * *

Rabbit: "You look a bit prickly, but I'm sure you're a nice fellow."

Hedgehog: "Thanks, Master Bunny; you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

Google

PLAUSIBLE.

MOTHER: "Mercy on us. Why is the light turned out?"

PRETTY DAUGHTER: "I—I turned it out because the—the brilliant sparkle of the diamond engagement ring Mr. Nicefello has just given me was making my eyes tired."

MOTHER (hastily retiring): "Oh, yes, yes, of course."

* * *

COMIC RELIEF.

"But," hissed the heavy villain, "suppose our plot should leak out?"

His miserable accomplice shivered at the thought.

"But it can't," cried the low comedian, emerging at that moment from behind a stage tree, "because from now on the plot thickens, you know."

* * *

MOST UNREASONABLE!

MRS. JONES: "Why did you leave your last mi-tress?"

BRIDGET: "Well, marm, did you ixpict me to take her along with me?"

* * *

JUST ESCAPED THE KNIFE.

BARRY: "They tell me you have had a very narrow escape from death."

HARRY: "Yes; they were going to operate upon me for appendicitis, but they discovered in time that I hadn't the money to pay for it."

* * *

There is more pleasure in giving than receiving. This applies to medicine, kicks, and advice.

* * *

Dr. Leo: "I thrash, and thrash, and thrash, and it makes not the least impression on you! What do you mean by it, sir?"

A BUDDING GENIUS.

"You naughty boy! did I teach you to throw your clothes on the floor like that?"

"No, mother, I learnt myself."

* * *

SUBTLETIES OF THE LAW.

"We propose to show, gentlemen of the jury," said counsel for the defence, "that it is impossible for the defendant to have committed this crime.

"In the first place we will prove that the defendant was nowhere near the scene of the crime at the time the crime was committed.

"Next we will offer the indisputable testimony of persons who saw defendant on the spot, and who did not see the defendant commit the crime.

"We will show that no poison was found in the body of the deceased.

"Not only that, but we will prove that it was put there by the prosecution in this case.

"We will furthermore show that the deceased committed suicide.

"And last, but not least, we will prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the deceased is not dead.

"In view of all which corroborative facts, gentlemen of the jury, we respectfully ask for an acquittal."

* * *

One woman always pays more attention to what another woman has on than to what she says.

* * *

THOSE GIRLS DO LOVE EACH OTHER!

"I had a proposal last night, and refused it."

"You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?"

* *

THE PRESENT-DAY WORKMAN.

Carpenter: "Mornin', mum; I've just called with my men to put up that bit o' blindcord for you!"

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THE CHESS MANIAC.

"Yes," said the fireman, "there were two men in the building playing chess, and one of them is in the ruins yet. We couldn't get him out."

"Why, how was that?"

"He insisted that it wasn't his move."

* * * *

A WORD OF ADVICE.

I meant well when I said to Jane,
"You *must* meet my friend Sue.
I know you can't help liking her;
I'm sure that she'll like you.

"You're so alike in every way,
I know you will agree.
You'll like each other, I am sure
As well as each likes me."

So I presented Jane to Sue,
Presented Sue to Jane,
And neither one from that day on
Was friend with me again.

Sue was as mad as mad, because
I said Jane was like her.
The things Jane said to me of Sue
Were still unpleasanter.

If you have friends whose friendship is
A comfort to your heart,
Don't let them meet. Take extra pains
To keep those friends apart.

* * * *

AN INVITATION.

HE: "Suppose I were to attempt to steal a kiss—would you be angry?"

SHE: "Indeed I would—if—if—"

HE: "If what?"

SHE: "If it got no farther than an attempt."

* * * *

Some men are like telescopes; you draw them out, see through them, and then shut them up.

* * * *

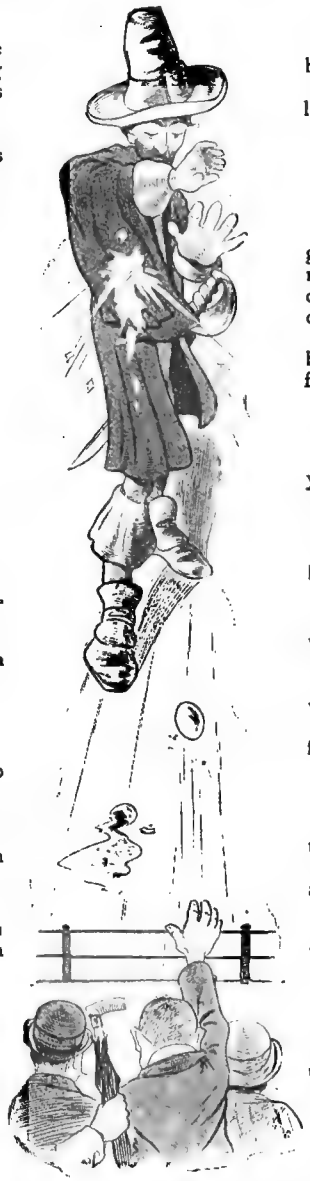
HIS REAL SIN.

"Harry, how dare you take my hand?"

"Is it so serious an offence, Emma? Remember, I have been coming to see you for two years—and this is the first time!"

"Two whole years? And this is your first attempt? Harry, it is unpardonable."

* * *



"I think that new man must be an actor," said the lodger to the landlady.

"Why so?"

"Because he threw up his arms and dodged when you passed the eggs."

DRASTIC MEASURES.

"What do you think of my new hat?"

"Well, for a *matinée* it wants a little more trimming."

"More trimming! What with?"

"Oh, a lawn mower would do!"

* * * *

FIRST-CLASS TRAINING.

"What we require," said the managing editor, "is the services of a man capable of taking full charge of our 'Query Box.' Are you capable of answering all kinds of questions?"

"Well, I rather think I ought to be," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eleven children."

* * * *

EARLY ENGLISH.

"I confess I can't understand what your baby's saying."

"It's a queer language, isn't it?"

"Yes, sort of early English."

* * * *

HE IS ALL FAULT WHO HAS NO FAULT AT ALL.

"I don't see how you can find fault with him."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a man who is really without a fault."

"That's just it. That's his worst fault."

* * * *

FEMININE ADMISSIONS.

JANE: "Clara is considerably older than Betsy."

MARY: "Yes. Clara practically admitted it to me the other day."

JANE: "You don't say so."

MARY: "Yes, she did. She said, 'Betsy is just about my age.'"

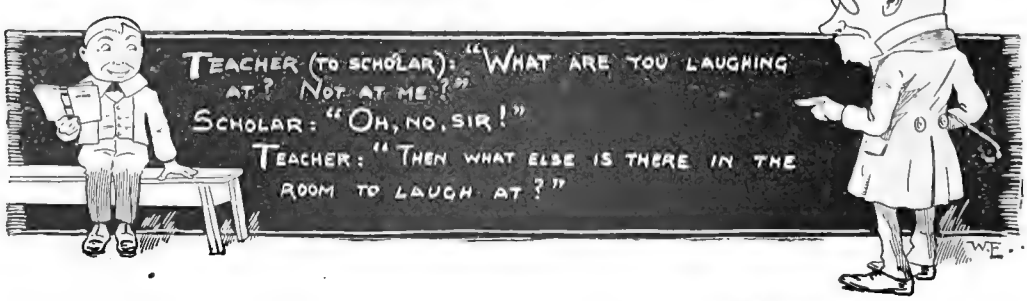
* * * *

HE KNEW THE MEANING OF IT!

JONES: "The chief has promised to give me a rise in my salary next week."

BONES: "Sorry, old man, but I can't lend you anything."

* * * *


TEACHER (TO SCHOLAR): "WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? NOT AT ME?"
SCHOLAR: "OH, NO, SIR!"
TEACHER: "THEN WHAT ELSE IS THERE IN THE ROOM TO LAUGH AT?"

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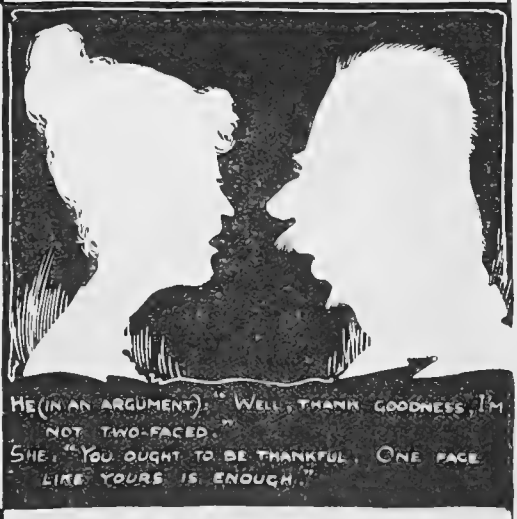
"Good men, you know, are scarce."
"Yes, I know; and even bad men have to make themselves so at times."

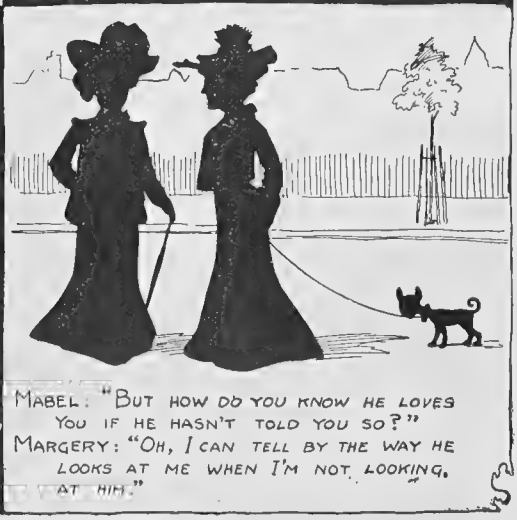
Kind Old Lady: "Here is sixpence. Now, promise me you will not go to that public-house over the way and spend it?"
Thirsty Thomas: "I promise, lady. But is there any special one you'd like me to patronise?"

"Congratulate me, Jimmy; I'm engaged to Sally Jenks."
"I'm awfully sorry, Henry, but I can't conscientiously do it; I've been engaged to Sally myself."



He (in an argument): "Well, thank goodness, I'm not two-faced."
She: "You ought to be thankful. One face like yours is enough."

Mrs Muggs: "That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nextdoor that I was a regular old cat! What do you think of that!"
Mr Muggs: "I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse."



Mabel: "But how do you know he loves you if he hasn't told you so?"
Margery: "Oh, I can tell by the way he looks at me when I'm not looking at him."

Google

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MR. EDITOR.

President Roosevelt grants the Editor of THE ROYAL an interview.

I HAVE just returned from America, and I think that all my readers will be interested to hear that President Roosevelt has honoured me with a special interview. I had hardly expected that he would find time to receive me, as the date of my visit to Washington was within a few days of the date of the Presidential Election. So you can well imagine my gratification when I received instructions to call at the White House.

When being received by the President of the United States, very few formalities are required of you. There are no stringent regulations as to costume, and no uncomfortable rules of etiquette, such as surround the person of Royalty. The President treats his visitor as he wishes to be treated by him, and precisely as one man would treat another. There is no bowing and scraping, no special deference, no stiffness.

On presenting myself at the White House, or rather, at the one storey annex, in which the President conducts State business, I was most courteously received by the official in charge, who took my letter of introduction, and invited me to wait for a few moments while it was being shown to the President. In two or three minutes the President's secretary returned and informed me that the President would he very glad to see me.

So, almost immediately, I was ushered into his presence. He greeted me with a grip of the hand that I shall not soon forget—he is a strong man, both mentally and physically.

In appearance, President Roosevelt is a bluff, jovial Englishman, but his rather thick nasal accent betrays his nationality. He is stouter and shorter than his portraits lead one to expect. When I saw him he had a long scar over his right eye, the effects of a fall from his horse, which had occurred the previous week, an accident which even the American papers knew nothing about until ten days after its occurrence!

If you were to ask what I considered the most marked peculiarity in the President's appearance, I should answer his singularly frequent and cheery smile. He is always smiling, and at first it rather startles one, as he invariably smiles with his teeth. Even when talking, his teeth play a very prominent part in the expression of his face.

His cordial greeting set me at my ease at once, and during the few minutes he spared me the talk flowed easily and naturally, and with none of the formality one would expect between the head of one great nation and a humble citizen of another. Into the actual details of our conversation I am, naturally, not permitted to go. This much I may say, however, President Roosevelt expressed a very friendly feeling towards Great Britain, and admitted that an Anglo-Saxon reunion is his cherished ideal.

"He's good enough for me."

The most popular cartoon in America during the Presidential Election.

What struck me, perhaps more than anything else was the freedom with which the President discussed political matters. Imagine a European statesman, of even inferior rank, doing this with a mere stranger!

I am sure the readers of THE ROYAL will consider the honour done to their Editor as an honour to them all individually, and will join me in wishing President Roosevelt long life and happiness.

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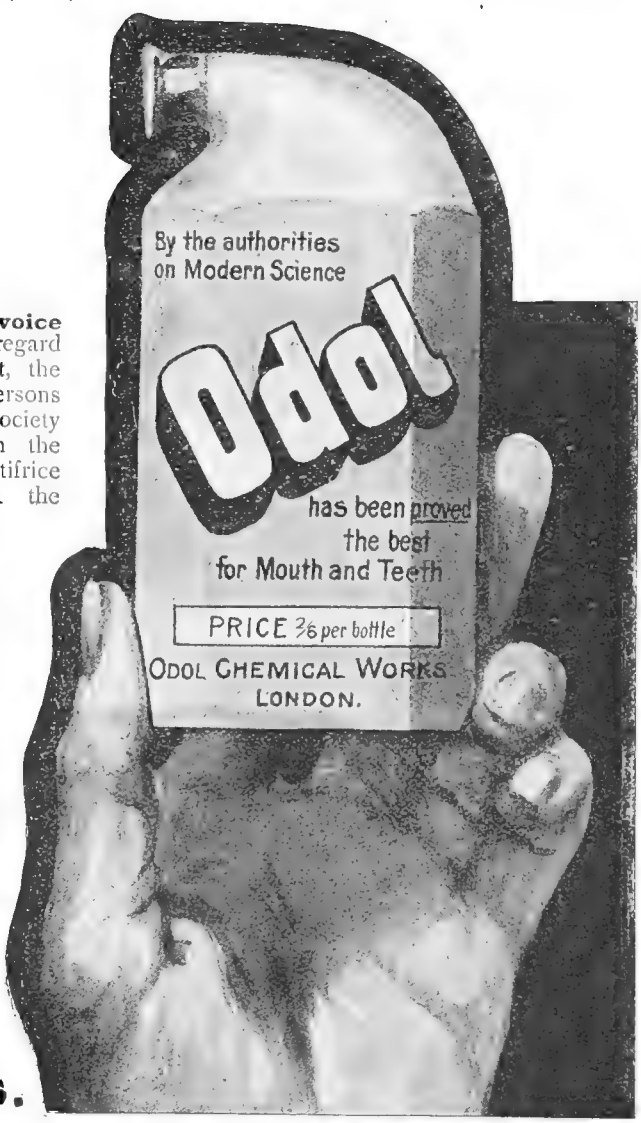
With such an unanimous voice as has not been recorded in regard to any other industrial product, the Press, men of Science, and persons of the highest positions in society have expressed their belief in the unique efficacy of the dentifrice Odol, from which fact even the most conservative of minds should be convinced—

1. That by reason of its antiseptic power, its refreshing effect, and its delightful taste, Odol makes the daily care of the teeth a supreme comfort.

2. That Odol constitutes the long sought-for ideal preparation for preserving the teeth in a sound condition.



Odol is used by dentists themselves.

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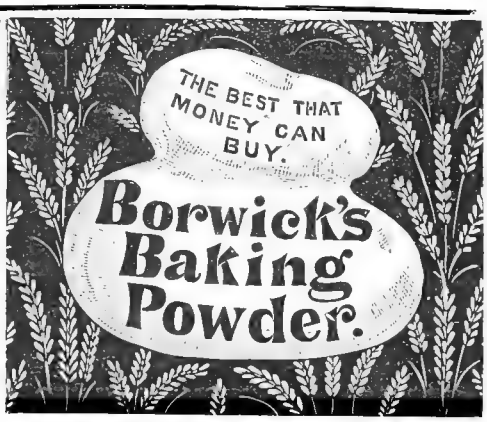
RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



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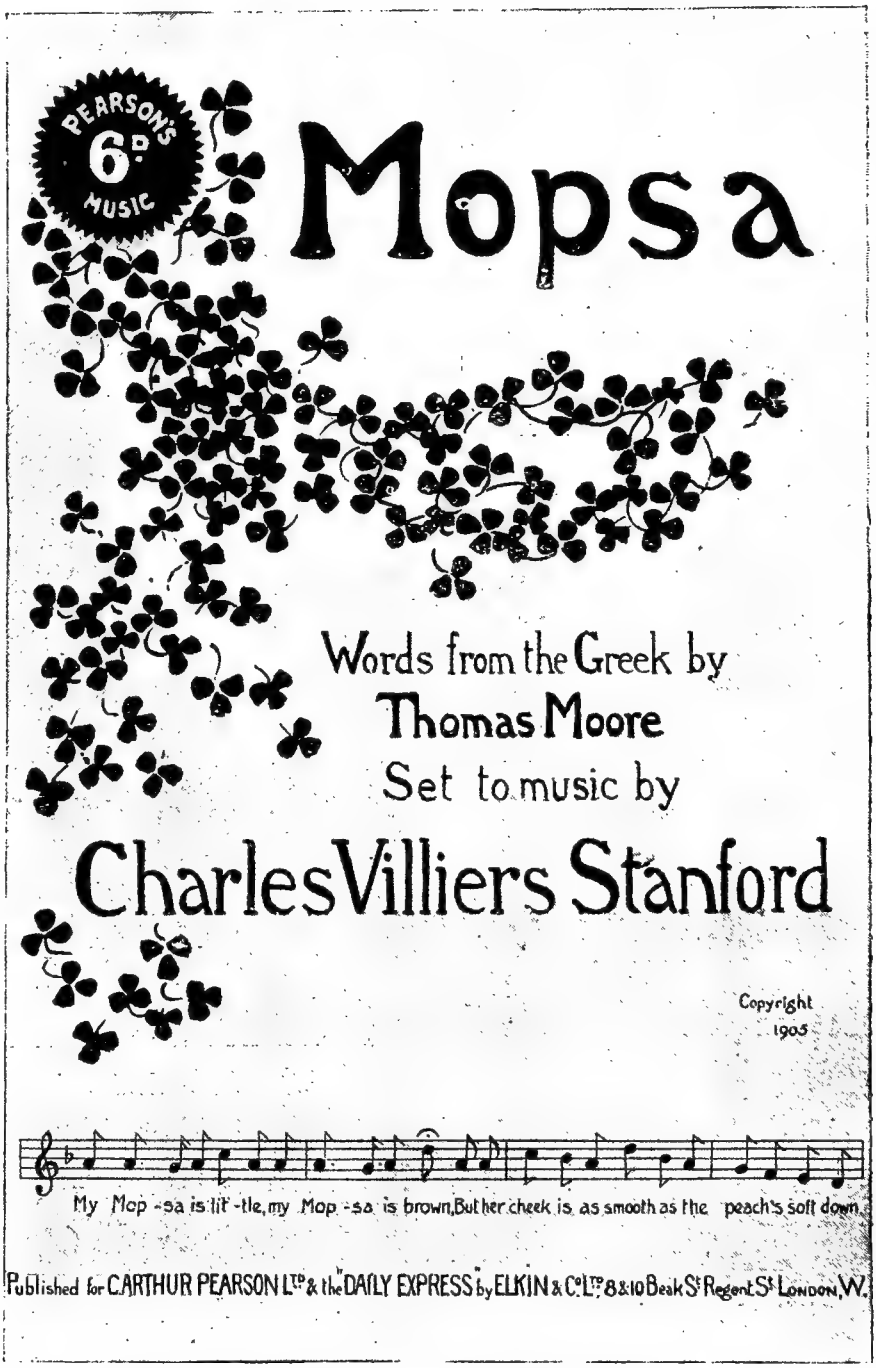
. . THE FIFTH PIECE . .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6D
MUSIC
Mopsa
Words from the Greek by
Thomas Moore
Set to music by
Charles Villiers Stanford
Copyright
1905
My Mop - sa is lit - tle, my Mop - sa is brown, But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down.
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"TATCHO"

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"I have great pleasure in writing to tell you that my son's hair is now grown beyond my dearest hopes. Commencing last April his hair began to fall off until he was completely bald. I consulted three doctors and tried many preparations. All failed. My son could not take his cap off in school, as all the other children laughed at him, and he felt very keenly about it. After using two bottles of 'Tatcho' I am glad to say his hair has grown beautifully. In fact, it is now long enough to get cut. He has been able also to take his cap off in school during the last week. His hair is quite as strong as ever it was in his life, and I shall always have pleasure in recommending 'Tatcho.' One of the doctors whom we consulted now playfully calls him 'Tatcho.' Allow me to thank you for the great benefit your 'Tatcho' has been to my son."

W. HILL (Lieut.), 3rd West Yorkshire Regiment.

Depot Barracks, York.
12th Dec., 1904.

Read what other grateful beneficiaries say:

"Tell Everyone."
"'Tatcho' has had such good effect on my own hair that I feel I must go about and tell everyone I meet to try it." Miss G. M. HARPER, 26 Kensington Pk. Gdns., Notting Hill.

"Surprising."
"I find 'Tatcho' most beneficial. It has decidedly promoted the growth to an extent which is most surprising." Mrs. HARPER, 29 Stratford Rd., Earl's Court Rd.

"Nothing but 'Tatcho.'"
"My sister has a lovely head of hair, which was produced by using nothing but 'Tatcho.'" Mrs. JENNIE STORMONT, 35 Abbotsyard Place, Glasgow.

"Friends Equally Pleased."
"I would not be without 'Tatcho' on any account. . . My friends are equally pleased with it." Miss LILIAN GURR, Ingleside, Hood Street, Coventry.

"Only Half a Bottle."
". . . I can find improvement in my hair, although I have not used half a bottle." W. L. ALLEN, Coppice Beech Hill, Binfield, Berks.

"How Delighted."
". . . In common gratitude I cannot do better than write to tell you how highly delighted I am with 'Tatcho.'" Miss NINA C. GORST, Howes Close, Cambridge

"Most Excellent."
"I consider 'Tatcho' most excellent for the hair. . . " Dr. HAMILTON, Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W.

"Conscientiously Recommend."
"I can honestly and conscientiously recommend 'Tatcho.'" Mrs LATCHFORD, Osborne House, Chiswick, W.

"A Splendid Head."
". . . Have now a splendid head of hair." W. M. CASEY, 4 Harcourt Avenue, Little Ilford.

"Always Recommending."
"I am always recommending 'Tatcho,' as I found my children's hair greatly improved." Mrs. GORDON, 43 Reglen Road, Dublin.

* * * * *

Piles of letters, fully amplifying those quoted, are filed in the PUBLIC ROOM of the Company's Laboratories for the inspection of the public. These letters reveal unprecedented successes achieved with "Tatcho" in all forms of hair trouble. Truth to say, no household commodity (for such "Tatcho" is) has ever received public testimony so earnest and so powerful. The general epitome of opinion is that the benefit to the hair when "Tatcho" is allowed to work its magic spell is nothing short of marvellous.

* * * * *

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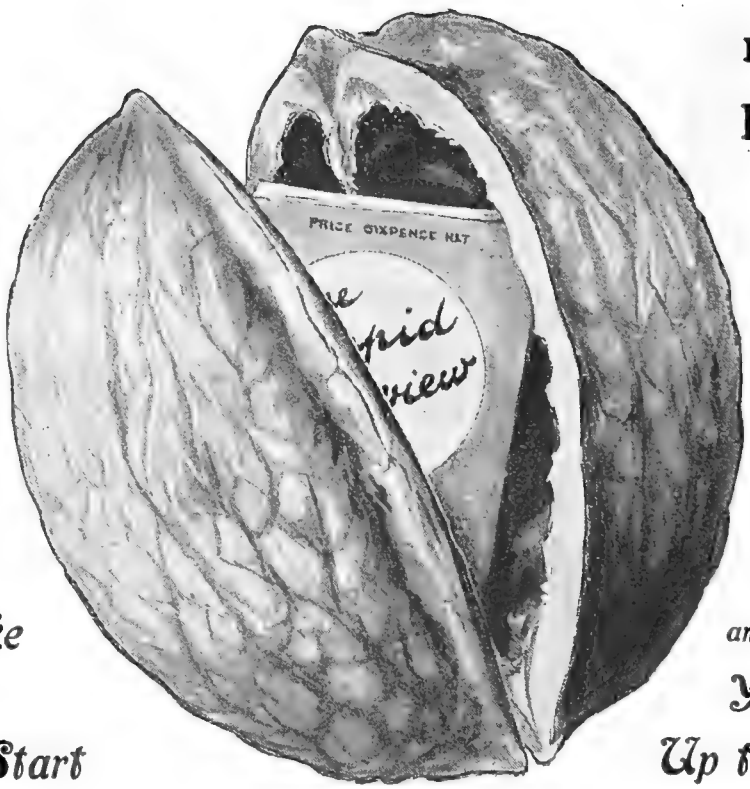
For 1905.

For 1905.



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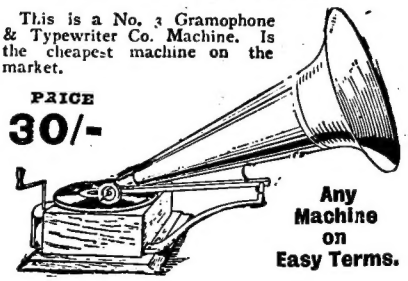

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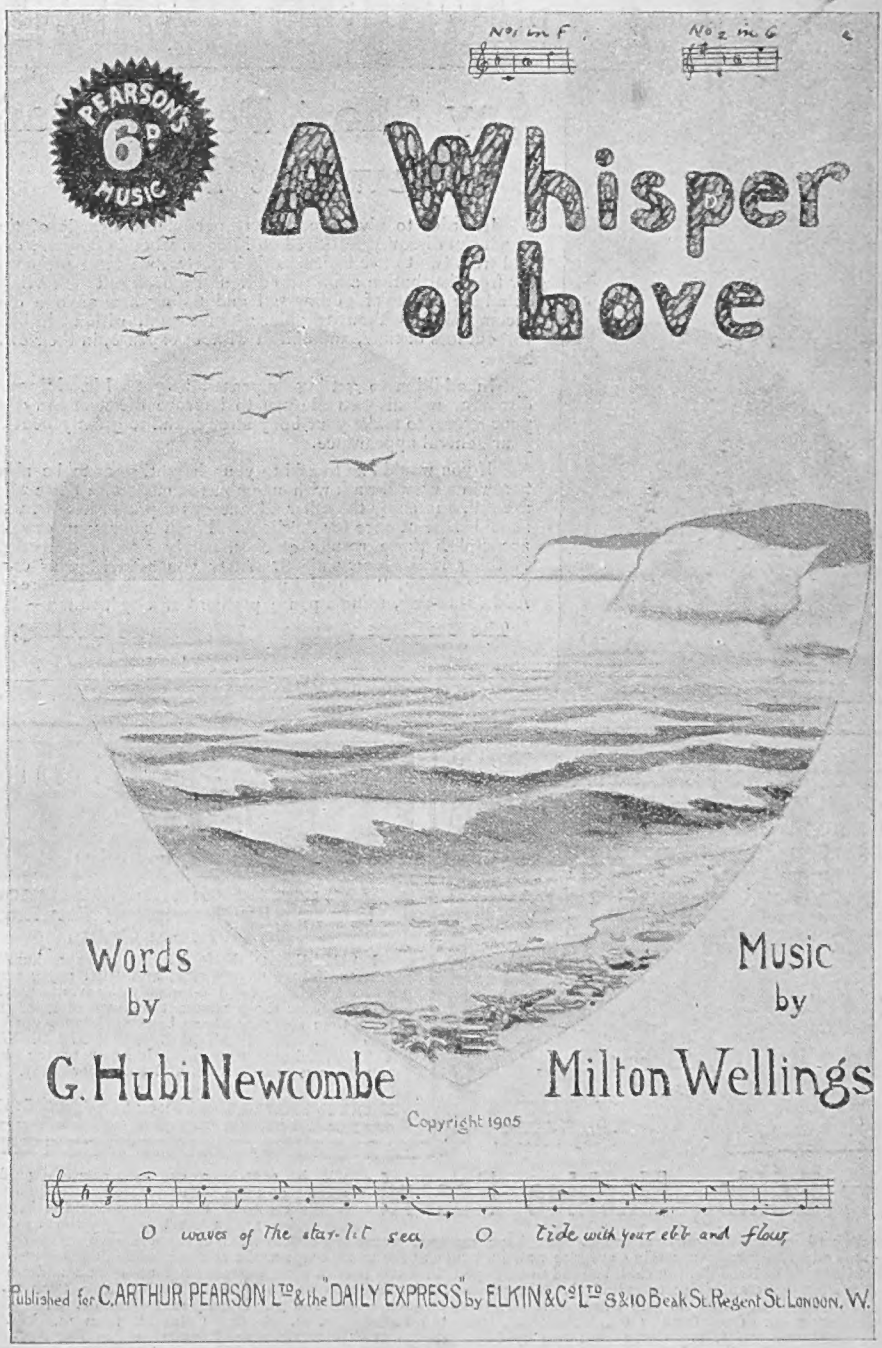
No 1 in F
No 2 in G
PEARSON'S
6D
MUSIC
A Whisper of Love
Words by
G. Hubi Newcombe
Music by
Milton Wellings
Copyright 1905
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